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no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE Balkan situation has passed this week through two startling changes. Peace was in sight, but the Ministry which would have given peace has fallen. The Joint Note of the Powers produced a certain effect in Constantinople. For several days we were assured that the Porte would return a placable but dilatory answer. The question of a surrender would be left open, and the Powers invited to state what guarantees they offered against further demands from the Allies. Then there were absurd suggestions of a joint Turco-Bulgarian administration of Adrianople. Finally, if the official Turkish "Ikdam" may be trusted, Russia intervened with a threat to depart from her neutrality and to range herself beside Bulgaria in the war. This may be an exaggerated version of what occurred, but presumably it represents the Turkish interpretation of certain veiled threats which Russia made. Rumor had been busy from other quarters with hints that Russia might alone under-  
take a naval demonstration.

ON Wednesday the Grand Council summoned by Kiamil Pasha met. It is not a body known to the Constitution, and it seems to have been somewhat arbitrarily composed. It consisted of Senators, ex-Ministers, high generals, and great religious functionaries. The Young Turks were, however, excluded, and so were the Senators of Christian European origin. It was asked to decide whether the advice of the Powers should be accepted or rejected. It decided almost unanimously to empower the Government to act on the advice of the Concert. It was then semi-officially stated that Kiamil Pasha would agree to the surrender of Adrianople, and empower the Concert to deal with the Aegean Islands. He would ask, however, for guarantees against other demands, referring, for example, to an indemnity or to questions affecting Asiatic Turkey. The latter point refers, no doubt, to questions which Bulgaria, acting presumably for Russia, has raised about Armonia. Peace seemed assured, and already the Bulgarians hinted that they would modify their demand for a Thracian frontier touching the Marmora coast.

At this point the Committee of Union and Progress intervened. In the absence of details, it can only be stated that on Thursday a demonstration was held in the streets, that Kiamil Pasha resigned, and that Mahmud Shefket Pasha was suddenly appointed Grand Vizier, at the head of what is practically a triumvirate composed of himself, the Committee Extremist Talaat Bey, and the soldier Izzet Pasha. Nazim Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief has been shot dead. This sudden change means, presumably, the defeat of peace at the last moment, and a choice before the Powers of a resumption of the war or international coercion. If Russia has threatened, she will now presumably act, and it seems highly inexpedient to allow her to act alone. The international situation had seemed appreciably easier. Austria had actually decided to begin her mobilisation, and the dispute between Roumania and Bulgaria seemed in a fair way to compromise on the basis of a surrender by Bulgaria of a stretch of her Black Sea coast line. The whole outlook is now suddenly changed, and nothing, as we write, can be predicted regarding further developments.

WE argue elsewhere the general case for the incorporation of woman suffrage with the Franchise Bill, and for the duty of the House of Commons to exercise that historic privilege of a free vote which is its prime function in our State life, and which Mr. Asquith, in this controversy, and other Prime Ministers, in similar emergencies, have claimed for it. We do hope that this right will not be qualified by arguments concerning the fate of this or that Minister should the suffrage be carried. There is no question of Mr. Asquith's resignation, or of the resignation of anybody else. Still slighter is the substance of the fear lest the Government might be beaten on the third reading of the Bill by a combination of Tories and anti-suffragist Liberals. Is it seriously and truthfully stated that a number of Liberals propose to destroy their Government because the House of Commons has disagreed with them on votes for women? And do those who talk so wildly think what would be

the electoral fate of a member who chose thus to close his career in Liberalism? Not one such member could stand for a constituency with the hope of being returned by Liberal or Labor votes. It is curious that a wind can be raised to blow such straws about the lobbies.

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THE Speaker made a curious deliverance on the Suffrage Bill on Thursday. It could not be called a ruling, for he said nothing positive, and his language was loose in form and general in purport; and it was not even an answer to the question put to him. This, preferred by Mr. Law, was whether the amendments to the Bill proposed by the Government were of such a character as to convert it substantially into a new measure. His reference was to the proposal to drop the occupying franchise, a change which, on account of its virtual disfranchisement of the City of London, has exasperated the Opposition. Mr. Law made no reference to woman suffrage. The Speaker, however, did not answer Mr. Law on the point which he raised, and himself raised a point he was not asked to determine. He guarded himself from expressing an opinion on the Government amendments, which, he said sarcastically, changed from day to day. But he added, with regard to the woman suffrage amendments, which, he said, would make a "huge difference" to the Bill if they were carried, that according to May a Bill must be withdrawn if amendments were added to it materially affecting its "form and substance."

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THIS vague pronouncement greatly stirred the House, and it will, we are afraid, be used to the disadvantage of the women's cause. But a speech by Mr. Lloyd George in the course of the debate deprived it of most of its substance. The Chancellor pointed out that in the debates on the great Franchise Bills of 1867 and 1884, woman suffrage was ruled to be a "germane" subject, and amendments embodying it were freely debated. Furthermore, Mr. George intimated that the Government's discretion as to the withdrawal or non-withdrawal of a Bill which has been freely amended in Committee was much wider than the Speaker suggested. There was, he said, no precedent for a Speaker ruling that a Bill was out of order and refusing to allow it to go to third reading because of changes in Committee. The Ministry might in such circumstances withdraw a Bill, or they might not. In other words, the Government and the House have the power to act as they please. And if this view is correct, there is only one course which in honor is open to them.

\* \* \*

FOR once the favorite candidate has won in a French Presidential Election. M. Poincaré was elected at the second ballot on Friday by a handsome majority over M. Pams. His victory is primarily a defeat for the Radical caucus. M. Clemenceau, M. Combes, and the obscurer party managers were all active on behalf of M. Pams, and conducted the controversy with a bitterness which at one time threatened a duel between M. Poincaré and M. Clemenceau. M. Poincaré was elected by the votes of the Centre and the Right, and there can be no doubt that his election is one sign among many of the general trend in France toward militarism and a Conservative reaction, with finance rather than clericalism in the ascendant. M. Poincaré's ambition is, perhaps, not so much to be a Casarian President, as to control the course of foreign affairs. He is said to be much under the influence of M. Tardieu, of the "Temps," and was the favorite lawyer of the great banks which, in France, do so much to guide foreign policy.

THIS same reactionary tendency will be well satisfied by the choice of M. Briand, for a second time, as Prime Minister. In remodelling the Cabinet, he has contrived to shed all those elements of personal distinction which gave lustre to the "Great Ministry." Gone are M. Poincaré, M. Bourgeois, and M. Delcassé. It is now only an average combination of respectable place-holders, with Finance evidently dominant. The Foreign Office goes to M. Jonnart, a Moderate, closely allied to High Finance, who was for long Governor of Algeria. He was constrained to resign that office on account of his connection with the Ouenza iron-ore concessions, which had a flavor of cosmopolitan jobbery too strong even for the Chamber to stomach. While he is said to represent Clerical Finance, M. Etienne, also connected with Algeria, represents the Jewish connection, and will preside over the War Office. The new combination also contains some orthodox Radical elements. It is certain to come into sharp and early conflict with the Socialists.

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THE Chancellor of the Exchequer gave a triumphant review of his struggle for the Insurance Act at a dinner given by the Chief Whip to the Liberal Insurance Committee on Friday week. He insisted that the panels were adequately filled, but showed how necessary it was to bridge the gap which lay between a neighborhood like Hampstead, with a doctor for every 356 persons, and a district like Shoreditch, which had only one doctor for every 5,582 persons. On Saturday came the expected release of the doctors from their pledge against service under the Insurance Act. The representative body of the B. M. A. cancelled it by 115 votes to 35.

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MEANWHILE, we direct attention to an article in the "Daily Chronicle" of Wednesday which shows, in striking fashion, the revolution in popular surgery and medicine which the Act has already brought about. The correspondent gives a number of cases of anæmia, tuberculosis, influenza, or "running down," in which a people's doctor was, for the first time, able to advise the appropriate remedy of rest, special medical or surgical treatment, or sanatorium benefit which recourse to the State has alone made possible. This, as Mr. George said at the National Liberal Club, is really to make the Empire go the round of the slums "with benefits in its hands." We rejoice to see that highly qualified men—including some "Masters of Surgery"—appear on the panels in working-class neighborhoods.

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THE Government have retained the Flint Boroughs, Mr. Parry, the Liberal candidate, having been elected by a majority of 211. He received 2,152 votes against 1,941 for Mr. Roberts, the Conservative. The Liberal vote is the highest ever known, but there has been a greater proportional rise in the Conservative strength, due to a powerful campaign of the leaders of the Welsh Church. The result is a verdict for the Welsh Bill, coupled with some slight evidence of the familiar fact that Disestablishment is a more popular process than Disendowment. That is inevitable, for in all countries, and in our own above all others, sentiment inclines towards an ancient body threatened with some loss of wealth and status.

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THE Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company have asked leave to withdraw their contract for the erection of Imperial wireless stations. They do so on the ground that, looking forward to an immediate ratification of the Post Office agreement, they had engaged a large staff of engineers, and that the delays imposed by the Select Committee had involved them in heavy loss. The

Government, we imagine, will be obliged to grant this release, for the Scientific Committee—which is now at work—may report unfavorably on the Marconi claims, and their view may be endorsed by the Select Committee.

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THE Government could not resist such authoritative advice against the Marconi contract, and if the Marconi Company do not care to face this uncertainty they ought to be free. Meanwhile, we hope that the Committee will address itself to matters which really concern the mass of the people—*e.g.*, the rushing up of the Marconi shares to four times their real value while the agreement was *sub judice*; and the statements that members of the Government or relatives of Ministers dealt in these shares, either for themselves or for clients. These are questions of honor, and they ought to have precedence even of the important point as to whether the Marconi contract should stand, or whether the State should set up and manage wireless stations for itself. The names of the Scientific Committee have been published. It is not a strong body, so far as technical knowledge of wireless telegraphy is concerned, and we are surprised to see that it includes Mr. Swinburn, who has, we think, acted in the Courts as an expert for the Marconi Company. Nor is Mr. Glazebrook a man of eminence in this department, nor has his management of the National Physical Laboratory been free from criticism.

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THE City Free Traders—Liberals and Unionists—held a kind of thanksgiving service in Cannon Street Hotel on Monday to celebrate the death of food taxes. Lord Avebury pointed out the obvious truth that protective preference in favor of colonial foods and raw materials having been dropped, preference itself was dead, for practically we imported no manufactured articles from the self-governing colonies, either Australasian or American. Lord Balfour of Burleigh well said that the Empire could not be cemented by trade. The ethics of business was love of gain, while the ethics of politics was to do the best for everybody all round. Protection, in particular, had its roots in the interests of one class, and not of the whole. The speakers also showed that in abandoning the fort of food taxes, on the ground that they hit the consumer, the Tory Party had laid the whole citadel of Protective duties open to the enemy.

\* \* \*

AN effort is being made by moderate Liberals, as well as by Conservatives, to except the City of London from the Franchise Bill. There are strong grounds in history and in London government for this exception, but Mr. Balfour's plea for it on Tuesday was of rather a belated kind. He insisted that to cut down the constituency of the City from 30,000 to 3,000 was practically to disfranchise it. He declared that the British franchise was always based not merely on individual rights, but on "interests" and "localities." We imagine that Mr. Balfour's predecessor, Disraeli, based it on flesh and blood. But Mr. Balfour will have it that its special strength has lain in "great cities of manufacture and commerce, great places where great interests congregate." To-day, when the City of London was imperially more important than ever, was no time for disfranchising it. Moreover, at the moment when the Government were cutting out the City from the counsels of Empire, they were introducing forty-two members of a newly-

constituted nation to vote in English and Scottish affairs.

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MR. DEAKIN left the Australian Middle-class Coalition in confusion when he resigned the leadership, and it is apparent from the attitude of the press that his successor will find it a hard and, perhaps, impossible task to reunite it. Mr. Cook belongs to what we should call in England the Liberal-Labor wing. He was a Staffordshire miner, who rose in New South Wales to be the Secretary of his union, after an effort, in which he did not persevere, to qualify for the Methodist ministry. He entered the Parliament of his Colony in 1890, and was for a short while leader of a small Labor group which went to pieces under his old-fashioned moderate guidance. He survived as a rather lonely political figure, and ultimately became the henchman of Sir George Reid, first in his colony and afterwards in the Commonwealth Parliament. In Mr. Deakin's Fusion Ministry he was Minister of Defence. He is said to be a ready debater, and a hot partisan. He is a convinced Free Trader, and has announced a policy of respect for the *status quo*, with changes on the far horizon, to be prepared by a non-political commission. The Conservative elements of the Middle-class Fusion look on him askance, while outside it Labor cannot forget that he deserted it for Liberalism.

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IN the American Senate Ex-Secretary Root has introduced a Bill to amend the clauses of the Panama Canal Act which confer immunity from tolls on American coast-wise traders. He spoke strongly for Arbitration, insisted that the opinion of the whole civilised world was against the Senate, and reminded it of the phrase in the Declaration of Independence, which commands "a decent regard for the opinions of mankind." The debate will be interesting, for the Democratic party is sharply divided, but there is no sign of any change of feeling among the majority of Senators. Mr. Secretary Knox has meanwhile presented his reply to Sir Edward Grey's despatch. It makes no new point, but it indicates no weakening in the American contention. Arbitration is not in principle refused. But Mr. Knox thinks The Hague would be an unsuitable tribunal, because it represents all the interests which are concerned in opening the Canal. He suggests a mixed Board, appointed by the two Governments as the proper Tribunal. It may be worth suggesting that the Swiss Republic, which has no maritime interests, would be the natural arbitrator.

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THE Tariff Reformers' ignorance of Colonial politics is well illustrated in the long and searching arraignment of their position on American reciprocity by Mr. W. S. Fielding, the late Finance Minister of Canada. Mr. Fielding defends reciprocity with the States as a sound economic policy, advantageous not only to Canada, but to the Empire. He insists that it has been the continuous underlying policy of both Canadian parties, relaxed only at times when the attitude of the United States made it impracticable. As regards the British Preference, he shows that it was opposed by Canadian Conservatives, and that Canadian Liberals, though naturally willing to receive any Preference which Great Britain thought it consistent with her interests to give, made no demand for such reciprocity. In particular, Mr. Fielding repudiates the statement of the "Morning Post" that Canada reverted to American reciprocity "because Mr. Churchill had rudely, and Mr. Asquith coldly, returned a flat negative to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's passionate appeal."



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE ACCEPTANCE OF HOME RULE.

THE passing of the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons restores the internal government of Ireland to the most brilliant political race in the British Empire, perhaps to the most naturally gifted people in the world. Those who acknowledge the value of moral ties in public affairs will recognise that we have thus gained an even greater asset than in the pacification of South Africa. For the Boers are far away and few; the Irish are many, they are at our doors, they are all over the Empire and the civilised States; they serve every department of State; they are equally good soldiers, diplomats, thinkers, artists, and men of business. And this wonderful race, half-estranged and half-enslaved, is now ours; that is to say, it has become a vital part of the Imperial system, instead of an alien and highly inflammable body in it. Every British statesman of experience knows how to reckon the significance of the change. Our two standing political difficulties, apart from those factitious troubles which we create for ourselves, arise from our relations with the Colonies and with the United States. Both are immeasurably eased by the ending of the Anglo-Irish quarrel. A series of spiritual tendencies that have run in one direction will now begin to run in another; the "wireless connection" of Empire will be linked up on a closer and finer mechanism than before. The ablest of the Tory journalists—an Irishman himself—was well aware of this new Imperial situation, though he lacked the courage or the opportunity to force his view of it on the weaker imagination of his party. For our part, we quite recognise that the passing of Home Rule adds no specially Liberal force to our politics, while, nominally, it abstracts from the House of Commons a steady voting force for Liberalism which cannot at once or easily be replaced. The Irishman's thinking runs on more eclectic lines than our own. He will be Conservative when his interests and his faith incline him to Conservatism. But he will always be an acute critic of his leaders. The Roman Church in an emancipated Ireland is far more likely to resemble the American than the Spanish communion. And they are far astray who suppose that the mechanical unity of Irish Nationalism will survive the achievement of the political end which created it. The great pantomimic gesture which England imposed on Ireland is at an end; the Irishman has won the right to be himself.

It is for that reason that we are sure that behind the worked-up effervescence of Protestant Ulster against Home Rule lies a real, and only a half-concealed, passion to share the fruits of the experiment. Of course, Ulster wants to have her place in the government of Ireland. Of course, when she sees the gates closed on the direct British connection, she will accept the new partnership, and work it for all that it is worth. Some of her shrewder leaders would prefer to keep British economic policy at arms' length, and under a Home Rule system they will certainly aim at securing an almost complete severance of the two Exchequers. And who can doubt

that the two Irish strains will make an admirable combination of forces, a powerful blend of practice and idealism? It is for that reason especially that Ulster's acceptance of Home Rule presents itself as so important a political object. What stands in its way? Set aside pride, the barbaric element in Orangeism, which civilisation must one day touch and subdue, and we see no insurmountable barrier. Ulster, like the rest of the Irish representation under the existing system, stands insecurely and uneasily poised between Westminster and Ireland. She does not always choose the leaders she most desires, or follow the policy of which she at heart approves. Her mind is quite as far apart from Lord Hugh Cecil's as from Mr. Birrell's. She is no more English Tory by constitution than Mr. Redmond is British Liberal. Does she imagine for a moment that these unreal associations of policy and temperament will last for ever? To-day she relies on Mr. Bonar Law's inferred pledge to stand by her in an anarchic struggle against a minor re-arrangement of Imperial government. Does she desire such aid? Does she think its tender effective in the mouth of a weak and already discredited leader? Does she wish to be forced into such a movement? Does she not discern that it could only yield a brief and ill-starred interval of squalid and muddled turbulence, the incidents of which would divide her own forces, alienate British sympathies, impoverish Belfast, and, in all probability, destroy it as a shipbuilding centre? Her people are a modern, practical, commercial folk, and the policy of force is obsolete, unpractical, and uncommercial.

As these considerations, therefore, press upon the Ulster mind, they will grow in force. There is time for them to develop in the next two years, and if an election, intervening between the passage of the Home Rule Bill and its enactment, again seats a Home Rule majority in power, they should be conclusive. If it were possible to devise an option under which Ulster would enter the area of self-government with power to contract out of it if she found herself injuriously handled, we should strongly approve of such an instrument. But supposing such an election to be fought on some sudden anti-progressive slant of the electoral tide, how could Ulster profit by it? No force could turn the Home Rule current back again. No Tory Party could administer on Unionist lines the ensuing legacy of confusion, of baffled hopes and revolutionary anger. Compromise would at once be set on foot; mere repeal of the Home Rule Act would prove impossible, and self-government in two stages would merely replace freedom at a single bound. No; last week's work is for all time, and if there were any wisdom in Tory leadership, it would discern and endorse irrevocable facts and shape them to the needs of the hour.

### A FREE VOTE FOR THE COMMONS.

If the future position of women in our public life were not itself a question of the first importance, the test to which Parliament will be put in next week's divisions would still present an absorbing interest. Amid all our speculations on the overgrowth of party and the decay of independence in the Commons, an issue of deep human consequence has brushed party aside, and pushed its way



to the ideal of a free vote. For once it seemed that Members would not merely be allowed, but must almost be compelled, to vote solely on the merits of a really vital question. Realities have hardly justified this expectation. The lobbies hum with rumor. The press discusses every conceivable aspect of the coming vote, with one important omission. Everything else, one might suppose, is considered, except the women whose claims are in the balance. Outside the inner circles of politics, this question is provocative of direct and sincere thinking. The prejudices which it arouses are natural and inevitable. There is the dread of change, the doubt of women's maturity, the vague conviction that physical force and political right are somehow connected, and, above all, the simple reluctance of the old-world male to cede a share in his immemorial privilege. These at least are opinions which bear directly on the question. On the other side, the plain man is moved by the simple issue of justice; he does not see why women, who bear the burdens of citizenship, should be denied its rights. The more reflective observer realises how far the lack of representation has led to the ignoring of women's interests, and how real a contribution their special standpoint must bring to every question of social and economic reform. Most women and some men are aware of a still greater stake; this struggle for the vote in some sense symbolises at once the effort of women to attain confidence and self-reliance, and the education of men to recognise their personality more fully, more fairly. These are the real merits of the question, and on these we do not doubt that most Members will vote on Monday and Tuesday. But a margin is swayed by other considerations, and that margin may turn the scale. Liberals and Unionists from their respective standpoints anxiously calculate the effect of their vote upon the Government. The prospect of this or the other resignation is weighed against the hostility of the suffrage movement. This amendment, it is thought, may promote and the other may injure party prospects. It is not an edifying, though, as politics, it may be a natural spectacle. Confronted by a large issue in the growth of our civilisation, every backwater of sectional interest is in agitation. Faced with a question which means more to thousands of women than any other can mean to men, it is of everything but the real human stake, the vital matter of principle, that politicians tend to think.

That Parliament will emerge with credit from this ordeal of a free vote, we still hope and expect, in spite of the ominous sound of the Speaker's warning as to the admissibility of the larger amendments to the Bill, which, of course, include the Grey and the Dickinson motions. What is required of it is merely that it should prove its ability to translate its own opinions into law. It is fair that party men should realise that this experiment of the free vote, risky and embarrassing as it may be, was adopted not by the choice of the suffrage movement, but solely to ease the tension of which parties were sensible. If it fails, the question, so far from being closed, will only have entered on a yet more embarrassing phase. There will be no more academic second readings, and no

more private bills, but in their place there will be a concentrated agitation to demand a Government measure. It is the difficulty of the Prime Minister's position which led to the adoption of the present expedient, and, paradoxically enough, it is now being used to condemn the expedient to failure. For our part, it seems to us that the Prime Minister himself perceived the real duties of his position more clearly than those who are seeking to make their loyalty to him an excuse for a defection from principle. He said himself that he held it to be "consistent with the self-respect and dignity of public life" that a divided Government should make itself the executor of the considered will of Parliament. There is no finer tradition in our political history. This question of sex is not the first of fundamental issues that have cut across the normal lines of party division. The Bill for the emancipation of the Nonconformists was passed as a private member's measure by a composite majority, under Whig leadership, in the teeth of Peel's personal opposition, because a divided Cabinet and an enlightened House insisted on "facilities." That preliminary test led to the still clearer case of Catholic Emancipation. The Commons had passed Sir Francis Burdett's resolution. Neither Peel nor Wellington confessed conversion on the merits of the case. Both of them bowed to the will of the House, and the determination of a splendidly organised but still constitutional agitation. They went one step further than Mr. Asquith has gone. They introduced a Bill, where he is prepared to accept an amendment. But the principle of the two concessions to the will of the House is the same. A Prime Minister is not an autocrat. He is the first of public servants, whose chief duty it is to ensure that the will of the people, as their representatives interpret it, shall prevail. To that ideal of his public duty Mr. Asquith's pledges have been true, and his most loyal followers are those who resolve that the free vote shall turn solely on the merits of the women's question.

In practice it is probably on the Irish vote that the issue will depend. Mr. Redmond's party finds itself in a difficult position. This question is much less ripe in Ireland than it is in Great Britain; there is no organised hostility, but the prejudice aroused by the Dublin incidents is balanced as yet only by a feeble suffragist movement. Without an imperative mandate from their own country, the Irish party finds itself called upon to act as the balancing factor in what is primarily an English and Scottish question. If it intervenes decisively on either side it must arouse all the latent prejudice which lies in wait for any party which stands aloof for historical reasons as a foreign element in our politics. Neutrality would obviously be its wiser course, and neutrality, as it happens, is particularly easy. Three months separated the second readings of the Home Rule and Franchise Bills. Three months in normal circumstances will separate their final passage into law under the Parliament Act. It follows that, unless the Government deliberately transposes the order and the dates, a thing which it would not do against Irish opinion, the Franchise Bill will come into force too late to apply to Ireland. If this inference, accepted by Sir

Rufus Isaacs in a recent debate, is sound, the Irish party may easily stand aside. It has claimed the right to alter its franchise in its own Parliament. It is a natural corollary of that liberty that it should allow British members to settle the status of British women. There is a substantial majority for woman suffrage among English, Scottish, and Welsh members. It is only the disciplined Irish vote which could destroy the women's hopes. Of all the parties in the State, the Irish Nationalists should be the very slowest to use their power to defeat a kindred movement, which has its springs in the same instinct of liberty.

We are too much concerned to insist that a free vote should mean a vote on the merits of the question, to turn aside into the by-way of party calculations. It is sufficiently obvious that a movement so ardent and deeply-rooted as this must be a source of weakness and danger to any Government which fails to satisfy its claims. It is equally clear that if either the "Dickinson" or "Conciliation" amendment were incorporated in the Franchise Bill, the suffrage movement, with all its unrivalled capacity for work and enthusiasm, would rally behind the forces which alone could carry the Bill into law against the veto of the Lords. But the real argument from expediency is an argument also from principle. Liberalism will suffer if the vote is denied to women, because that denial would involve a repudiation of its principles. There is no answer to the contention that democracy involves woman suffrage, save the answer which a Mohammedan might give. Whatever group of citizens in a modern State may be affected for good or evil by good government or bad, has an elementary claim to the defence of the vote. To-day, while legislation probes and meddles in every department of social and economic life, that right can be refused to women only by a denial of their personality, which no modern mind would dare to formulate in public. A member who gives a tactical vote against his better opinion incurs the responsibility for the alienation of women from the organised movements of progress. The larger interests of every hopeful movement demand, not merely a vote for the democratic "Dickinson" amendment, but also, if that should fail, for the narrower "Conciliation" amendment, which does, when all is said, embody the vital principle in a form that lends itself with ease to future expansion. What will happen to-day or to-morrow if this amendment or the other is lost or carried is of secondary importance. What is of the first consequence is that political Liberalism should prove its sympathy with the most living, the most hopeful, movement of social liberty to which our generation has given birth.

#### A NEW TYPE OF PRESIDENT.

No admirer of distinction in politics will grudge to France the pride which an intellectual nation must take in the Presidency of M. Poincaré. After two "correct" and purely political Presidencies, one of which saved her from Revolution, she elects for a Presidency of talent. M. Poincaré is one of the accomplished men whom a nation in love with culture likes to

see at the Ministry of Public Instruction, and whom we as rigorously banish from the headship of our own Education Department. He will be a finer ceremonial figure than M. Fallières, and a more polished speaker than M. Loubet; and he may also be trusted to keep the Elysée free of the personal scandals which disfigured the vulgar reign of Félix Faure. Thus the Republic makes choice of a citizen eminently in accord with its ideals, and singularly fitted to represent and adorn its standard of manners. It will now be the legitimate boast of the intellectual Frenchman that the titular head of his State is also a member of the Academy.

M. Poincaré is not only a Republican; he is the choice of Republican parties of various shades of political and economic belief. Neither the Church nor the Royalist minorities had any direct say in his candidature. But the Right can claim its share in his actual election, and the Radicals have already stamped him in an avenging epigram as the "élu de la Droite." And there are circumstances associated with his Presidency that mark a certain departure from the line of orthodox Republicanism, and explain the alarmed concentration of the Radicals on the obscure M. Pams. For M. Poincaré's Presidency is the occasion, and in some degree, the active cause, of a serious political situation. It leaves M. Briand the head of the Ministry. And M. Briand shares with M. Millerand the inveterate and the rational distrust of the Radical groups in whom the French Republican spirit lives in a more essential form than as a delicate preparation of Cæsarism or a Royalist revival. M. Briand advertised himself at Versailles as the second of the President-Elect; and he is much the ablest of M. Poincaré's colleagues. But as President of the Council, and as the predominant member of an undistinguished Government of the Moderate type, he suggests and provokes the fiercest personal antagonism and invites the most menacing interior conflict in French politics. There is nothing in M. Poincaré's adhesion to Republicanism of the Centre to disqualify him as the moderator of such a quarrel. But the personal tie between the two men is close, and is to the advantage of the abler and less scrupulous character. And it is not quite an accident that M. Poincaré's candidature connects itself with the agitation for a "strong" President, and with the recurring movement against what the "Temps" describes as a "Parlementarisme faussé." The idea is as old as French nationality, but it is none the less a Republican heresy. It has no visible roots even in the Constitution of 1875. That instrument gave the President of the Republic such powers as a British Constitutional monarch possesses, with the general idea of basing government on the representative and Ministerial system. The right to preside over Cabinet meetings is almost his only function which recalls the despotic side of the American Presidential office, and that was a relic of the compromise which followed the war, and preceded the definite establishment of the Republic. In foreign policy the measure of initiative left to the President takes a wider range. He has the power to negotiate and ratify treaties; and the scant ceremonial splendor which

invests his office centres largely in his personal relations with foreign Ambassadors. It is possible that one French President has signed a military Convention with Russia, and another a naval Convention with Britain. But at least the Constitution did not ask the President to secure, in the words of M. Poincaré's thanksgiving speech, the "continuity" of France's foreign policy. It merely required him to take his line from his Ministry, whose life depends on the vote of the Chamber, and only nominally on the President's will and favor. Such language is at least an echo of Nationalism, and the French President who uses it steps a little out of the more correct and traditional attitude of his office, and tones up its sober scheme of coloring.

There would be less point in emphasising this side of M. Poincaré's candidature, were it not for the revival of French militarism which coincides with and explains the gradual obliteration in modern Republican statesmanship of the idea and the practice of social reform. The new President is himself a Lorrainer, and it has been the fashion for his admirers to exploit him as the leader of the Concert, a foremost figure in the work of restoring France to her old primacy of Europe. There is indeed nothing in Poincaré's well-turned speeches to suggest any special originality of mind or vigor of purpose in a path where he goes farthest who treads surest. But the France of to-day has many counsellors to reanimate her undying passion for military glory and intellectual renown. The latter indeed she has never lost; and her singularly able diplomacy gives her at least the full measure of its influence in Continental affairs. But there are signs that the revived belief in the army has combined with the triumph of French guns in Thrace, and of French diplomatists in Morocco, and with the fortifying effects of the *entente* with Britain, to give a decisive turn to the more restless strain in her statesmanship. The new Nationalist revival may last no longer than the old. But behind the present mood of French democracy lies at once a theory of race and character, and a deliberate tendency of politics. The French thinker who despairs of democracy finds in the cult of the army the symbol of national unity and the key to national destiny which he desires. To this type belong ambitious and quickly rising men of the type of Briand and Millerand, who have had a shallow disillusioning contact with Socialism, or with the anarchist tendencies which overlay it.

It would be unfair and discourteous to describe the President-Elect as the tool, or even the deliberate associate, of such a group. But he is their candidate. Neither in personality nor in ambition does he embody what Mr. Bodley calls "the tradition of Monk." But his ideas of foreign policy are mainly those of M. Tardieu, the all-powerful figure of the "Temps," who has quickly recovered the influence which for a brief period of personal antagonism he contrived to lose with the Quai d'Orsay. And when those ideas take the wide sweep of a French supremacy in Syria, we feel that France may once more be on the track of the grandiose and the adventurous. That is not, we think, a reason for abandoning the good and reassuring elements that exist in the Anglo-French *entente*. But it is well for our

statesmen to remember that the forward school in France does not desire the *entente* merely as a moral support, or a means of rectifying an unfair diplomatic balance. It regards us as a predestined instrument for the reversal of the Treaty of Frankfort. It has its elements of prudent calculation; for an able Frenchman would never commit the blunder of supposing that the support of the British fleet could avert a second German occupation of Paris. For that reason, politicians of the Tardieu school want a British army on the Continental model, and will therefore not cease to urge forward our statesmen along the path which leads to conscription. If we avoid that path, if we assign to the *entente* all the objects which it was originally designed to compass, and dissociate from it the ends which French Nationalism would attach to it, we shall serve the true interests of France, and we may re-open to her her half-abandoned quest of finer forms of social civilisation.

#### THE LIFTING OF THE DEAD HAND.

THE atmosphere of the House of Commons was heated last Friday by one of those rare bursts of religious feeling which suggest that even politicians possess a spiritual nature. But one must not expect too much. Religious fervor in the House of Commons is apt to kindle at the shrine of property. It is not disestablishment but disendowment that brings home to most hearts the iniquity of the proposed interference with the English establishment in Wales. The cries of "sacrilege," "spoliation," "breach of trust," "robbery of God," raised by Mr. Bathurst, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, and Lord Hugh Cecil, have no essential relation to the life of the spirit, but only to the dead hand of Mammon by which it is weighted. The notion that the higher interests of the Welsh people are better served by allowing the will of some saint or sinner of the Middle Ages to divert the current wealth of Welsh laborers in field and mine into the coffers of a Church whose services are not required by the majority of the people, than by allowing their present representatives to apply them to charity and education, is manifest foolishness. Among the defenders of the Church economic some quaint casuistry was expended upon the meaning to be attached to the terms "religious," "spiritual," and "Christianity." Here Mr. Ormsby-Gore plunged into a distinction between what he termed the "devotional religious life" and those actions of the Church which were "religious in a sense," such as the organisation of, and expenditure upon, hospitals, alms, and education. The stable endowments were to be regarded as dedicated to the former purposes, "services in the Churches, the administration of the Sacraments, and for the provision of living agents of the faith"; the latter objects, merely expressing what Lord Hugh Cecil described as "the ancillary purposes of Christianity," were to be left to the more precarious support of current voluntary subscriptions. Colonel Williams took another step in this casuistry by urging that "hospitals, education, and libraries were not the essence of Christianity. They were the fruits of Christianity." What sort of an essence would remain if the fruits were



not allowed to ripen, was a subtlety into which Colonel Williams did not enter. For, as Mr. Lyttelton pointed out, you could not seriously regard as typical "fruits of Christianity," those works of charity or education which flowed freely from so many lives of avowed agnostics. Some relief was felt when Lord Hugh Cecil brought back the argument to the bed-rock of Conservatism, "the original intention of the pious benefactors." There was no nonsense about free libraries and technical instruction in the fearful souls of the pious benefactors! What they wanted was clearly masses for their souls, or other spiritual consolations. But though there was a good deal of disagreement in detail upon the meaning of the "religion," for the support of which these endowments were intended, there was complete accord among the Opposition in repudiating the view that "true religion and undefiled" had any essential relation to such things as "visiting the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world." These incidents are not inherent in the "devotional religious life" as Mr. Bathurst sees it: they are only "religious in a sense"—"a sort of religion."

No doubt it was tempting for the supporters of the Bill to prick these futilities by pointing out that formal enactments had declared "hospitalities, alms, and other works of charity" to be part of the purposes for which the Church of England existed, and that the endowments of the disestablished Church of Ireland had been freely applied by Conservative as well as by Liberal administrations to the cause of education under secular control. But we should have preferred to see Radical Ministers disregard all such formal defences, in order to challenge the entire doctrine of the "dead hand," with its paralysing grip upon the bodies and souls of living men and women. The notion that "pious benefactors," or any other passing possessors of landed or other property, can fasten some religious or legal taboo upon the uses and enjoyment of that property for all future generations, should be definitely and finally repudiated as obviously opposed to public policy. The reason for taking this property from the Church in Wales and handing it over to representative bodies to administer for current purposes of charity or education is that such perpetual trusts—religious or other—are unreasonable restraints upon the present economic resources of the nation. We are not at all concerned to insist that "the original intentions of the pious benefactors" should be closely studied in the public disposal of these obsolete trusts. If the endowments of the Church in Wales could be shown to be more advantageously devoted to afforestation, or other definitely "secular" purposes, we should consider the Government fully entitled to apply them to such objects. We are therefore little concerned either with the historical or other special pleading by which charity and education are defended as spiritual or quasi-religious purposes. Our approval of these methods of using the endowments is based upon the fact that the definitely secular and materialistic services are usually stronger in their appeal for public money than are the charitable and educational works to which it is proposed to divert these national funds.

## A London Diary.

IN the lobbies, in the smoking-rooms, in the tea-rooms, in the corridors, even *sotto voce*, in the House itself, only one subject of conversation has been heard during the last week—woman suffrage. The place simply hums with it; never, in my recollection, has the House been in such a state of nerves, of funk, of sheer moral weakness, of "possession," of cross-purposes, of irritation.

### SOME samples of opinions:—

- A. I am in favor of woman suffrage, and intend to vote for all the amendments.
- B. I am against woman suffrage, and intend to vote against all the amendments.
- C. All women or none for me! I shall only vote for the Adult Amendment.
- D. We must make a cautious start, so I shall only vote for the Conciliation Amendment.
- E. I think the Dickinson Amendment really democratic, and yet it does not go too far. I shall only vote for that.
- F. Failing Adult, I shall vote for Dickinson, but I shall go no further.
- G. I won't touch Adult; but, failing Dickinson, I shall vote for Conciliation.
- H. I shall vote for Adult or Conciliation, but Dickinson is neither one thing nor the other.
- I. The Conciliation Amendment may mean more Tory votes, so I shall vote against it.
- J. The Dickinson Amendment may mean more Liberal votes, so I shall vote against it.
- K. I don't like it, but I am pledged to the women in my constituency, so I must vote for something.
- L. I am in favor of woman suffrage, but I am afraid of putting the Government in danger, so I shall abstain.
- M. I am in favor of woman suffrage, but I am sure its passage will put the Government in danger, so I shall vote against it.
- N. I shall vote against the Third Reading if the women are *not* in the Bill.
- O. I shall vote against the Third Reading if the women *are* in the Bill.
- P. I am not keen about the suffrage, but I think it will embarrass the Liberal Government to have the women in the Bill, so I shall vote to put them in.
- Q. I shall vote for Grey's amendment to affirm the principle, but on the other amendments I shall abstain.
- R. I trust in Asquith's declaration, so I shall vote on the merits as I believe.
- S. I shall vote against all the amendments so as to support Asquith.
- T. Harcourt and Churchill will resign, so I shall vote against the women.
- U. I should certainly have voted for the women if it had not been for the action of the militants. I shall abstain.
- V. The militants' action has made me into an Anti.
- W. I put Home Rule before everything. I think that may be endangered, so I shall vote against the women.
- X. Though I am doubtful, I believe if the women are not in the Bill the Government will hardly be able to survive, so I shall vote for them.
- Y. I am getting rather confused. I shall see how the land lies on the day.
- Z. I have some pressing engagements which will last from Friday till Tuesday.

&c., &c., &c.

As the anti's are raising again the ridiculous phantom of an Asquith resignation if the suffrage be incorporated in the Bill by a free vote of the Commons,

let me quote again what Mr. Asquith said on December 17th, 1911:—

"I think it perfectly consistent with the self-respect and best traditions of our public life in relation to a question which divides parties, that not only the head of the Government, but the Government itself, should say that if the House of Commons on its responsibility is prepared to transform or extend a measure which we are agreed in thinking necessary—a measure for the franchise as regards men—to confer the franchise on women on such terms as they think fit, we shall not only acquiesce in the proposal, but we make ourselves responsible for carrying it into law. . . . We are prepared, both in the letter and the spirit, to carry out the whole of the pledge we have given to you."

This declaration, I fancy, Mr. Asquith will repeat and emphasise on Monday, though he will balance it by a root and branch opposition to the Bill.

MEANWHILE, no one, not even a Nationalist, can calculate how the Irish vote will go. But it can safely be said that they will hesitate to defeat the woman's cause by anything like a large vote. On the whole, I believe a majority will find it convenient to take a long week-end off.

The passage of the Grey amendment and the defeat of the other three would perhaps be the most disastrous result of all. By once more reaffirming the principle and at the same time deliberately preventing its being carried into practice, Members would lay themselves open to a real charge of cowardice and even of treachery, which would, I am convinced, do much to *dethrone* the House in popular imagination.

By the way, I find that on suffrage as well as on fiscal questions the present tendency of the Opposition seems to be to slip away from the Chamberlain influence, and to trust more and more to Mr. Balfour's guidance. Although merely a chance piece of ill-luck, it is none the less unfortunate for the Birmingham School that the two issues should have become so active at the same moment, and that on both alike the nominal leader of the Opposition should have found himself driven to take council with the Cecil group rather than with his old Tariff Reform associates. Night after night just now one sees the process at work—a process of reconciliation on the one hand, and possibly of alienation on the other. Sometimes Mr. Austen Chamberlain looks in, but seldom to take his former place in the centre of the bench or by the side of his leader, and frequently to find Mr. Law, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Lyttelton in close consultation—not unlikely, if one may hazard a guess, on some point connected with the suffrage controversy, a subject, of course, on which Mr. Chamberlain is out of sympathy with all of them. Moreover, it has been noticed of late that Lord Robert Cecil is occasionally called in by Mr. Law to share in those confidences.

I HEAR a story of the very early administration of the Insurance Act, which shows how close and vital will be the connection between that measure and employment. The other day a man applied to a magistrate for a summons against an employer on the ground that he refused to give up his insurance card. At first the magistrate thought the law gave him no powers, but he

found that the insurance card contained such a direction, and that the card was backed by the regulations which, in their turn, carried with them the authority of the Act. So he issued the summons. But the trouble did not end there. The employer had failed to produce the card for reasons which I need not examine here, but in the end his wife had posted it, though to the wrong address. Thence it was sent to the Dead Letter Office, where it lay for some days. During that period the man could get no employment, purely owing to his failure to produce his card.

I HEAR a rumor running through Dublin that the Irish Party may, after all, forego their historic claim to the old Parliament House on College Green, and will content themselves with a red-brick building which they can get cheaply. The motive is economy, but one cannot but hope that it will not prevail. The Parliament House is one of the most beautiful buildings in Dublin, and, in its way, in the world, and its association with the revival of Irish Nationalism gives the proper historical and imaginative finish to the battle of Irish Nationality.

Now that peace is practically secured, let us all remember our debt, first, to Sir Edward Grey, and then to the Kaiser. Not for the first or the second time has the latter given a casting vote against war. Abroad, much importance was attached to his interview with the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. It was thought to be decisive.

POINCARÉ's election is naturally popular among men of letters in Paris. The current literary tone is now Chauvinist, Anatole France being the most notable exception, and even he, I am told, has weakened in his passion for social reformation. But Poincaré has always shown a powerful and sincere interest in letters. I remember that during the law-suit about Edmond de Goncourt's will the new President was one of the counsel engaged, and that he worked unsparingly to secure the verdict which allowed the Academy of the Ten to be established. Moreover, he proved the genuineness of his zeal by refusing to take any fees. His first public appearance was at the Sorbonne on Monday, when his old teacher, Ernest Lavisse, the historian, was congratulated by a number of *savants* on his fifty years of work at the Ecole Normale Supérieure.

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Alfred Lyttelton's biography of Lord James of Hereford is to be published by Mr. Murray, though not before the coming autumn. The story of Lord James's separation from Gladstone in 1886 and the early history of the Liberal Unionist Party will be of special interest at a time when the Home Rule question is again to the front. But Lord James's personality was attractive in itself. Its most salient quality was perhaps James's capacity for friendship, albeit a trifle of hero-worship and rank-worship was mixed with it. A better comrade never lived. His long and close relationship with the Duke of Devonshire ought to be a study both of piquancy and of charm.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### ILLUSIONS OF "RACE."

IN the eloquent conclusion to the latest and most comprehensive of his political works ("The Evolution of States": Watts & Co.), Mr. J. M. Robertson speaks of "the spirit of science which slowly transmutes politics from an animal to an intellectual process, raising it from the stage of mere passionate life to the stage of constructive art, and from the social relation of rule and subjection towards the relation of mutuality and corporate intelligence." The journey towards a positive science capable of clear vision or close guidance in the art of political conduct is, however, very slow. For the mind even of historians and professing sociologists seems doomed to linger in a sort of "metaphysical" twilight, in which float images of racial virtues and aptitudes, and other abstractions evoked by the impassioned imagination to explain the course of history much as the soporific effect of opium was explained by attributing to it "a dormative virtue."

The trouble arises chiefly by a too hasty and excessive application of the analogy of the individual to the group, race, or nation. Hasty generalisations upon current superficial facts or selected events are made a basis for attributing fixed national characters and aptitudes to people living in particular countries or speaking particular languages. Mankind is thus visualised as composed of a number of clearly and permanently sundered types or species of man, divided primordially in nature, each endowed with a character of its own which is its destiny, determining of what sort of civilisation or progress, if any, it is capable. It is easy to see how this shallow sociology appeals to the lighter intelligence which revels in crude, showy national contrasts appealing to the pride of a pharisaic patriotism, and to the cupidity, combativeness, and lust of dominion which underlie Imperialism. It is, therefore, not surprising to find a thriving crop of social theories growing out of the assumption that nations and races are individuals "writ large," each with his characteristic inherent virtues and defects, competing with his fellows for an historical career, and running a certain limited, natural course of growth, decline, and decay.

Such theorising, no doubt, marks an advance upon a pre-scientific era, in which chance, "special providence," or some "great man" miracle was deemed a satisfactory explanation of the course of history. But it is attended by grave perils of its own. For it is utilised—indeed, it has been fostered—for the purpose of defending certain combative separatist and predatory policies, which, though not peculiar to our era, seem to require for their nutriment a certain support of intellectual authority which these theories afford. The exclusive patriotism which finds expression in Militarism, Imperialism, and Protectionism, whenever it emerges from blind emotionalism seeks refuge in the sophisms of "race genius" which show the world as a perpetual battlefield of "efficient" and "inefficient" nations, progressive and decaying civilisations, peoples endowed with a natural aptitude for government, whose duty and mission, or even "destiny," it is to insinuate or impose their political virtues upon peoples to whom "Nature" has denied them. The groups of peoples in "the West" and "the East" are embraced in even wider generalisations. They are endowed with an "Oriental" and an "Occidental" character, deemed to be fixedly divergent upon such important matters as commercial honesty, truth-telling, sense of time, or capacity for exact science, while within the wider groupings the Teuton, Celt, Latin, or Slav is assigned marks which limit and regulate his career, his destiny, or even his rights, in the eternal struggle of races for the dominion of posterity, which the crude biology of this political philosophy imposes.

Mr. Robertson applies to this cluster of intellectual and emotional fallacies a process of crushing, even pulverising, criticism. Denying *in toto* the existence of all

the alleged primordial differences of race, the æsthetic genius of Greece, the political genius of Rome, the Hebrew conscience, and the like, he explains all such apparent differences of nature as products of environment. Allowing for variations of "individual capacity and bias," he accepts the statement of Sir Josiah Child that "all men by nature are alike." Environment (by which is meant primarily climate with the economic conditions related thereto) imposes certain definite characters upon the common nature of man, evolving an economic structure with a growth of customs, laws, religious institutions, sciences, and arts, that explain all those differences which are falsely supposed to be rooted in "race." There is, of course, nothing novel claimed for this doctrine. A long line of speculations preceded its early partial exposition by Buckle. Le Play and his followers made large and fruitful application of the theory, while the distinctively economic interpretation of history which it embodies is the accepted doctrine of intellectual Socialism. The importance of Mr. Robertson's work lies in the immense erudition he brings to bear in demolishing what are usually deemed the crucial instances of "race faculty" and of non-economic determination in history. In skilful and closely-packed surveys of the development of political, economic, and cultural institutions in the Greek, Roman, and Saracen worlds, in a selection of types of medieval and modern nations, the Italian republics, Scandinavia, Holland, Portugal, Brazil, and in a final, fuller survey of the determinant moves in English history, he enforces the negative and positive poles of his interpretation. Though formally disavowing the complete doctrine of a purely economic interpretation, he leaves little room for any other in his handling of the actual instances. The determinant factors of the Reformation, for instance, are expressed almost wholly in terms of economic interests, and the history of the Roman Church, down to the minutiae of its polity, is similarly interpreted. For example, Pope Hildebrand's enforcement of celibacy on the secular clergy is thus explained. "The real motive for this policy was, of course, not ascetic but economic, the object being to prevent at once the appropriation of church property by married priests for family purposes, and the erection of hereditary titles to church benefices."

Now this may be so, but the continual stress upon a single motive, or set of motives, leaves a feeling of excessive simplification in the interests of "scientific exactitude" which recurs to readers of this brilliant interpretation. Are we rightly able to expect to gain so clear and so logical an explanation of intricate, multi-form, and ill-attested events as Mr. Robertson purports to give by his environmental method? Such is the doubt that remains as we follow to its close the compact, closely-welded explanations. It is a double-fanged doubt. First, there is the doubt as to whether the economic and other conditions of environment may not be getting a monopoly of causation attributed to them, not because they are really the sole, or always the chief, determinants, but because other factors or causes, relating to the primitive or acquired "nature" of man, are not equally discernible or measurable. For instance, Mr. Robertson suggests that had Charles V. "kept his seat of rule in the Netherlands, drawing thither the unearned revenues of the Americas, and still contrived to keep Spain subject to his rule, the latter country would have been thrown back on her great natural resources, her industry, and her commerce, which, as it was, developed markedly during his reign, despite the heavy burdens of his wars. And in that case Spain might conceivably have become the Protestant and rebellious territory, and the Netherlands, on the contrary, have remained Catholic, and grown commercially decrepit, having in reality the weaker potential economic basis." This appears to us an excessive use of hypothesis, hardly warranted by the necessities of the environmental interpretation of national character. For, granting as much as possible for environmental determination, the prolonged pressure of climatic and other natural conditions, together with the secondary influences of social institutions and cultural contacts,



ought to have made the Dutch and the Spanish peoples sufficiently divergent in acquired character as to negate so simple an hypothesis of reversal.

This leads to the deeper root of doubt as to the finality or all-sufficiency of the environmental logic. This logic appears to present a powerfully varied environment operating on, and moulding to its impress, a virtually characterless and uniform material called humanity. It is true that to this common humanity are ascribed certain forces of "attraction" and "repulsion" which appear to count for processes of association and of conflict. But Mr. Robertson hardly gives any attention to the original psycho-physical character of man as inter-active with his environment; the determination or causation is regarded almost exclusively as the work of the environment. Finally, there is the related question as to the validity of assuming that "All men are alike by nature." Mr. Robertson admits that there are individual variations. But if mankind be conceived as emerging from pre-human ancestry not at one but at several places, there would be "primordial" differences of type, both physiological and psychological, which would afford a basis for those race differences which Mr. Robertson repudiates. Why may this not have been the case? If it be replied, "Why assume several origins when one will do?" the answer is that biology does not support as probable the view that a widely-dispersed species proceeds from a single pair. Moreover, even if current racial differences are entirely environmental in origin, being grafted on to an originally identical stock, those differences may, in some cases, be both wide and enduring. One is tempted to press these speculative doubts, by reason of the dogmatic certitude which Mr. Robertson employs in demolishing what we agree with him in regarding as the wild and pernicious sophisms which national arrogance and greed have sought to endow with scientific authority for the furtherance of their interested ends.

#### ISHMAELITES OF ART.

WHETHER the Spirit of the Years (to use Mr. Thomas Hardy's phrase) is conscious of a purpose, or whether the Spirit of the Pities can in any way mitigate our fate, we do not know. But there is strong evidence that the Ironic Spirit has a controlling voice in the stage-management of the world. Nothing but an active Spirit could arrange the strokes of life's irony so deftly. Time after time, in private life as in public, that Ironic Spirit effects the *coup de théâtre*, hits the nail on the head, "brings it off," as people say, and seldom has it brought it off so neatly as when it contrived that the Alma-Tadema and Post-Impressionist exhibitions should coincide. To treat the picture-loving public so was like offering a pot of treacle and a pot of pickles to a hungry man, and asking which he will have for dinner.

Many turn away from both exhibitions, and do without. But among artists, as well as among the *dilettanti*, controversy rages. One side is led on by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the other, as we saw in our columns last week, by Mr. Roger Fry. As usual in campaigns, the old, the tried, and the well-established is on the defensive; the initiative of attack belongs to the new, the questionable, and the uncertain force. From the defensive position, a writer, claiming the title of "Pictor," in last Tuesday's "Times," describes his own side as the party of "sound art," of "serious and competent artists, fighting for high ideals." He sees the position of "sound art" threatened by "critics who juggle with phrases and mystify the reader by presenting the ugly, the incompetent, and the revolting in forms of the beautiful." Owing to the criticism of these "literary parasites," he foresees danger to "our contemporary British school, built up so laboriously, and still containing the great traditions of the past—and still, whatever the critics may say, the admiration of other nations." He speaks of Alma-Tadema's pictures as "great art," and says he does not know a single contemporary artist who has not the most entire and

absolute contempt for the pretentious and futile nonsense which in the majority of newspapers does duty for criticism. Thus, entrenching sound art behind the laboriously built up traditions of the British school, he holds the fort to the admiration of other nations, and looks down upon the assaults of literary parasites with the entire and absolute contempt that they deserve.

Of course, we may be wrong, but we cannot help suspecting that among those contemptible hosts of literary parasites the name of Mr. Roger Fry may have occurred to "Pictor." To be sure, Mr. Fry is an artist (though "Pictor" in reading this would at once cry "Question!"), but then he is a critic as well, and he has a way of stating his criticism with uncompromising directness. In our issue of last Saturday, for instance, he conveyed his opinion of Alma-Tadema's art in the following sentences, among many similar:—

"He wisely adopted the plan, since exploited by the Kodak Company, 'You press the button, and we do the rest.' His art, therefore, demands nothing from the spectator beyond the almost unavoidable knowledge that there was such a thing as the Roman Empire, whose people were very rich, very luxurious, and, in retrospect at least, agreeably wicked."

"He does, however, add the information that all the people of that interesting and remote period, all their furniture, clothes, even their splendid marble divans, were made of highly-scented soap. He arrived at this conclusion, not as a result of his profound archeological researches, but again by reference to commercial customs."

After referring to Tadema's "shop-finish," and comparing his works with "very good, pure, wholesome margarine," which the public, owing to a little misunderstanding, insisted on calling butter, and the Government stamped and guaranteed as such (for Tadema received a title and the Order of Merit), Mr. Fry summed up:—

"As things are, the case of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema is only an extreme instance of the commercial materialism of our civilisation. Against that the artist is and must always be in revolt, and while it lasts, he must be an Ishmaelite."

Here, then, we have the opposing forces drawn up before us; on the one side, sound British art, entrenched in tradition, and strong in the admiration of other nations; on the other side, the rather tattered, unsound, and generally unpleasing bands of Ishmaelites in revolt, whom neither our own nor other nations admire, and whose main strength lies in the offensive. Our general sympathies may (with reserves) be with the attack, but before trying to find out the purpose and intention of these Ishmaelites, we may clear away one possible misconception. Mr. Fry refers to Tadema's habitual choice of subjects from the times of the Roman Empire. We all know those subjects, for we can see reproductions of Tadema pictures in the "lounge" of any hotel or boarding-house or "hydro" in health-resorts and seaside places. Side by side with "The Awakening Conscience," "The Waning of the Honeymoon," and the little girl and terrier saying their prayers, hang the representations of elegantly clad figures lying about on marble, listening, playing, philandering, bathing—always on marble. But we do not suppose the Ishmaelites would direct their attack against the subject. It is true that the choice of such a period as the Roman Empire is likely to produce rather unreal and archaeological stuff, and even in Pater's "Marius," fine though it is, one is sometimes inclined to think the characters would be finer still if they had not been born dead. But we believe that to the Ishmaelites the subject would not much matter. Their own choice often reaches out to periods far more remote than the Augustan or Antonine age, and there is no reason why the Roman Empire should not arouse a profound emotion that could be expressed, if only it were passionately felt.

To the Ishmaelites it is not the subject that matters; it is the style. Or, if we have lately raised too much hostility by speaking of what we mean by "style" in literature, let us say "treatment" or "outlook." It is significant that the Ishmaelish works hardly ever have recognisable titles. In contemplating a landscape picture, the British spectator invariably asks the question "Where is that?" The Ishmaelite artist can seldom

answer anything but "Nowhere," or "God knows!" Of a figure-picture, the spectator asks, "What scene does that represent?" And the Ishmaelite can only answer, "No scene," or "Can't you see?" To him the object of pictorial art, as of any other form of art, is not representation at all. He has no desire to paint a description, to make a landscape like a place, a figure like a person, or a scene like a story. He leaves all that to the photographer or the historian and novelist. His first object is to clear away all mere imitation; his second, to clear away all associated ideas—all historical and literary interest. And so he comes pretty sharply up against his contemporary public, which always demands, in the first place, imitation (as in Tadema's marble), and, in the second place, associated ideas of historical or literary interest, as in "A Reading of Homer," or the little girl with a terrier saying her prayers.

But as to imitation, in the introduction to the catalogue of the Post-Impressionist exhibition of two years ago, we read that when the public continue to applaud his skill in representation, the artist grows uneasy:—

"He begins to try to unload, to simplify the drawing and painting, by which natural objects are evoked, in order to recover the lost expressiveness and life. He aims at synthesis in design; that is to say, he is prepared to subordinate consciously his power of representing the parts of his picture as plausibly as possible, to the expressiveness of his whole design. But in this retrogressive movement he has the public, who have become accustomed to extremely plausible imitations of nature, against him at every step."

The same point is even more strongly urged in the introduction to the catalogue of the present exhibition:—

"The difficulty springs from a deep-rooted conviction, due to long-established custom, that the aim of painting is the descriptive imitation of natural forms. Now, these artists do not seek to give what can, after all, be but a pale reflex of actual appearance, but to arouse the conviction of a new and definite reality. They do not seek to imitate form, but to create form; not to imitate life, but to find an equivalent for life. . . . In fact, they aim, not at illusion, but at reality."

In manner, then, these Ishmaelites appear to begin their attack by simplification. Speaking of literature the other day, and knowing that writers are to be judged by what they leave out rather than by what they put in, we ventured to think that Stevenson, for instance, in a certain passage, and indeed in most of his writings, would have done better to leave out pretty and self-conscious adornments that appeared to be inserted with one eye on the public or his literary friends. We stirred academic opposition, as we expected; and here, in painting, we find these Ishmaelites trying how much they can leave out, not how much they can put in, and also stirring the opposition of academists. We certainly had no thought of such an alliance when we wrote, but we are very far from regretting it.

By this process of "abstraction"—by the simplification of method, and the avoidance of associated ideas in subject—the Post-Impressionists appear to aim at recovering the art in which the thought and the form are exactly co-extensive and identical. We suspect they are in pursuit of the same truth that Kant was endeavoring to express when he said that the beautiful in art must be "ohne Interesse"—without personal concern, personal desire, knowledge, association, or other limit. As they say themselves, their object is not to suggest certain emotions, but rather to express the actual emotion itself as it was passionately conceived by the artist; just as the highest music expresses the emotion of the composer, and expresses the same emotion for the audience, whereas a lower kind of music is imitative, needing interpretation, commentary, and programme. How far this process of abstraction may be carried, perhaps they have not yet discovered. Van Gogh demanded a certain humanity—a human passion—in pictorial art, but he is classed already, with Cézanne and Gauguin, among the "old masters." We ourselves suppose that few great emotions can be entirely separated from human existence, but whatever the subject, it seems certain that the beauty of art can only arise from profound emotion expressed through the medium of the artist's

own temperament in such a way as to set the same chord of emotion vibrating in others. In speaking of literature, we have called this power "style," and it will be seen that, far from making light of style, we exalt it from an affair of choice phrase and pretty ornament till it becomes the very essence of all beautiful productions, the very soul of the artist or writer himself.

### THE MAGPIE'S TAIL.

The magpies have had long shrift this year. Everywhere and at all times we hear their deep-throated chuckling, and every day can see, not the one that betokens joy, and the two for sorrow, but little flocks running to six and seven or even nine. So, on a misty morning, when even the wise crows are at sea in their reckoning of what is a safe distance from a man with a gun, the keeper seizes the opportunity to let fly at one of his old enemies. It is an easy shot. The short laboring wings try in vain to rectify the mistake, for which only the fog was responsible. The usual crack of the fowling-piece becomes a portentous roar in the heavy air, a roar that may warn other birds, but is too late to benefit the magpie. It may not even reach its ears, for the bird falls on the instant stone dead.

Even the gamekeeper has a momentary admiration for a dead magpie as he takes it in his hand and hales it to the tree which is his gibbet for malefactors, or the certificate of his guardianship of the game. The hard clean-white and the blue-black sheen of its boldly contrasted plumage can only be entirely realised when the bird is handled and turned this way and that to let the light play with it. Most admirable of all is its long tail of iridescent green, a caudal fan of quite unusual dimensions, the centre feathers longest, and thus outraging the plan of the usual bird's tail as well as its proportion to the other members. It would mark the bird infallibly even if it had not that glaring piebald livery. It clamors almost as loudly as the elephant's trunk for a place in some "Just so" series. Everyone would halt with pleased anticipation at the chapter which was to tell "How the Magpie got his Long Tail." The Darwinian whose studies are not very mature, prefers to "look the question squarely in the face and pass on."

The theory of sheer racial utility always presents itself first, and is likely to be driven to death. In fact, it seems to be with many the only alembic. We have seen it seriously stated that the magpie's tail is an extraordinarily efficient instrument of flight, that the bird can make with it very rapid turns in the air, especially of an upward glancing nature, calculated to baffle the pursuit of a hawk. The game-keeper knows nothing of this. The magpie's tail appears to him to be an unmitigated impediment. It is a drag on the bird in its forward flight, and a worry and a nuisance in a side wind, and quite a comic encumbrance when the magpie tries to make itself comfortable in the fortified nest that its predatory conscience urges it to build. It is pretty to see the bird erect this tall fountain of feathers, as it always does in the act of alighting on the ground, but the act provides it with no precision of arrival beyond that which every bird has. It is the only thing to be done with such a tail if the owner wishes to keep it from being soiled or broken before its time. It is, for all the gamekeeper can see, only as useful as the smart tall hat that men wear when they are quite fully dressed for walking.

We fall back on sexual selection, a doctrine not so well thought of as that of the survival of the fittest. Sexual selection has borne or tried to bear so many hard problems left over from natural selection that we apply it sparingly even to those cases where it can give a good account of itself. The suggestion that the taste of female butterflies is to account for the gorgeous and intricate and artistic color-pattern of the males has been received with so much doubt that we hesitate to bring it in even to fit the case of a notoriously vain creature like a bird and a magpie. Nor does it avail when, for lack of the other theory, we do bring it in. It may be that the



long tail was first elaborated as an ornament weighty in courtship, but obviously that function has gone by. The male chaffinch shows off his generous charms to a dowdy hen who, out of her plainness, is able to admire his dangerous extravagance in color. But the long tail of the magpie belongs to both sexes. Perhaps long ago the male magpie displayed his wonderful tail to a bob-tailed hen, and won her by that token. But when her daughters began to take equal inheritance with her sons in long tails, they ceased to be essentially courting assets. The peacock does not hand on the glory of his hundred eyes to the little peachicks without discrimination, and even the young peacocks must wait till they are adult before they come into their inheritance of feathers. Nature's first care, a care that must be observed where conditions are hard, is to keep the female free from the extravagances with which the male delights her. The gaudy chaffinch is as attractive to the hawk as to his hen. It does not matter if a few males are sacrificed to their love of finery, but it is very important that the hens should incubate in quiet harmony with their surroundings. Many a peacock pays the penalty of his life for having so exuberant and hampering a tail. He is compelled by racial destiny to give up his life so that the unhampered female may escape. But the hen magpie shares her husband's risks by taking the right of woman to be as fine as her lord.

The whole theory of the origin of species was built on the fact, still denied by some hardy opponents, that there is always a tendency for individuals to vary from the type. To the casual eye there is nothing more alike than two birds of the same species and the same sex. Nevertheless, they are scarcely more alike than two individuals of the genus *homo*. Their minute difference, indefinitely prolonged in the two opposite directions, would become specific and even generic. The human breeder can produce in a comparatively short time a tumbler pigeon and a pouter from the same wild strain. Nature, with infinitely more time before her, produces beings more diverse, but not often so monstrous. She may make of one stock, on the one hand, a woodpecker highly specialised for boring holes in trees, and on the other hand, a swallow whose beak is nothing but a butterfly-net. But just as the power to vary is not set in motion by the selective agency, so it is not entirely controlled by it.

As with the little mill in the fairy tale that made porridge or salt, the power of stopping it cannot always be had. The power to grow big served many a prehistoric monster well, then served it ill by not stopping at the happy maximum, but carrying it on to unwieldiness. The sabre-toothed tiger grew a most wonderful fang with which it could tear any prey, but there is no doubt that the tooth went on growing after it had reached its maximum utility, and helped by its ponderosity and expansiveness to extinguish the species. The mastodon, too, ran too much to tusk, and, as it were, broke its neck by trying to carry too much. The Irish elk, not content with a two-to-one standard of horn over its rivals, went on building, and perished beneath the weight of armaments. The ammonite is a case of female extravagance, for it is only the female octopus that grows the nautilus shell. Nature was so in love with the spiral that she drove it round and round till its possessor could no longer support the burden. It became the slave of its property, and had to lose the race to the swifter and less encumbered.

The magpie is very far from being an ammonite. Undoubtedly his tail, and, what is more important, her tail are longer than the demands of utility require. Had he been content with a wood-pigeon's allowance, he would have got away from the keeper even after the fog had betrayed him. The wood-pigeon could not carry the magpie's tail, because it has not the magpie's brains. A little absurdity like that long spur of the lark, useless for spurring and superfluous in a bird that never perches, a lesser intelligence may carry and be none the worse for it. But it takes a bird of some brain-power to carry the magpie's tail about the country, as well as to carry a livery like that of the magpie when one has such a reputation and so many enemies.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that the cause of the magpie's tail is brain. The same vivacity of organism that makes him not afraid to be enemies with all the other birds, that makes him a tyrant of the countryside, a mimic and a talker scarcely inferior to the parrot, also inspires that tendency of physical variation to overleap the mark. The gamekeeper is not blind to the handicap of that long tail, but he has no hope that it will conquer so clever a crow as the magpie.

## Short Studies.

### COMPARISON.

HE and I sat on a seat in Hyde Park, and watched the drift of fashionable folk go by. He was a small, neat man, with a pleasant, pale face and soft blue eyes, in which there was a whimsical, wondering look. His mouth was puckered up when I first saw him, but he was not whistling: he seemed to me to be exclaiming in astonishment. He gazed about him very eagerly; he appeared to be unable to look at the fashionable folk too closely. Now and then, when some resplendent man or beautiful woman went by, his lips would pucker as if he were saying, "Oh!" to himself; and his eyes gleamed like those of a puzzled child. He turned and spoke to me quite simply, without self-consciousness, as if it were natural for two men who had never seen each other before to speak and be neighborly.

"You can't get over it," he said, "they're nice-lookin'! I mean to say, you can't 'elp lookin' at 'em. That young girl that jus' passed now, she was nice-lookin', wasn't she?"

I looked at the retreating form of a tall, dark girl, with slender limbs, and nodded my head.

"I don't mean to say she's beautiful," he continued. "Not what you'd call *beautiful*! But nice-lookin'! Eh? Walks nice, an' the way she talked, too! That was nice! An' 'er 'air, an' the way she was dressed! There's a lot of 'em about 'ere like that. Nice-lookin'! Got nice 'ands!—" He held out his hands, as he said this, and I saw that they were hard and rough and red; the nails were broken and distorted, and the knuckles were knubbly. He dropped his hands to his side, and laughed. "Not like mine, eh?" he said.

A boy went by, exquisitely tailored, and at his side was a girl of seventeen. She was smiling at something the boy said to her, and as she passed us, she put her hand up to her loose hair and flung it out so that it fell from her shoulder, and down her back. It was thick and brown, and it shone with beauty. I forgot the little man at my side, until I heard him speak again.

"Now, she's nice-lookin'," he said. "I mean to say she's real nice, she is! An' 'e was nice-lookin' too! Well-set-up young feller, I call 'im! Make a nice pair, they will! Shouldn't be a bit surprised if they 'it it off!" He remained silent for a few moments, and then began again. "I s'pose they bin to church together, eh? Yes, I expect so! They all go to church about 'ere! You know! Church Parade they call this! Mind you, I don't blame 'em. You can't 'elp likin' 'em when you look at 'em! Nice-lookin' an' that! You know, I can't make it out! I mean to say, 'ow is it? They ain't wot you'd call beautiful—some on 'em downright ugly, but some'ow they're nice to look at. You know! Walks nice an' talks nice, and got nice 'ands!—I mean to say, look at me now! I'm not like them. I mean to say, if I 'ad the clothes they 'ave, I couldn't carry it off, you know. Look at my 'ands! Why, I couldn't wear gloves on 'em! An' I don't talk the way they do. An' walk! Well, I mean to say, it's silly to talk about it, ain't it? An' my wife, too!—She was nice-lookin' when I first knew 'er. Proper nice-lookin', she was! I mean to say she was as nice-lookin' as any 'ere, considerin'! Why, you wouldn't believe wot my wife was like when she was a young girl. You know! Jaunty, she was! Walked about like anythink, an' did 'er 'air nice, an' all that! But she ain't like it now, you know! I mean to say, she's all right, reely,



only some'ow— That young girl we see jus' now with that boy, she'll be nice-lookin' when she gets to be my wife's age, same's she is now. Only older! That's all. She'll do 'er 'air nice, an' 'ave nice 'ands, an' talk nice. Don't matter wot age she is, she'll be nice-lookin'. Lots of old 'uns 'ere! Sixty if they're a day, some of 'em! Only they don't look old! Of course, they make 'emselves up a bit, but it ain't all that! Even when they don't make 'emselves up, they look nice. You know wot I mean! Now, my wife, she's not like that. She's not more'n forty, but she looks a good bit more. Don't seem to take no pride in 'erself. 'Er 'air—well, of course, it ain't to be expected, not with all she 'as to do! I mean to say, it ain't reasonable to expect it. Only—! Well, you know the way it is yourself! I can't help thinkin' of wot she was like when I first knew 'er! See! Proper nice-lookin' she was! An' that partic'lar!"

The Park was crowded now, and the fashionable folk pressed close to us, as they went by. Beautiful women, beautifully clad, passed to and fro in an odor of fine perfumes. The little man drew his breath through his nostrils.

"That's nice, that is," he exclaimed "I bet that cost a bit! Did you 'ear the way their dresses rustle, eh? Silk! I often come 'ere of a Sunday mornin' an' spend a penny on a seat. Fair treat, I call it! Of course, my wife she 'as to be cookin' the dinner, else I'd bring 'er, too. Do 'er good, it would. I mean to say it 'ud do anyone good. It's nice to see people lookin' nice! Any'ow, that's wot I think! I often say to 'er, if she was to try a bit more—only it ain't fair to say that. She ain't got the time! Stands to reason she ain't. We've 'ad seven children. Two of 'em dead, thank God! I don't mean to say I'm glad they're gone, only—well, you know yourself, they got the best of it, ain't they, now? An' it makes things a bit easier for 'er. It's a bit of a 'andful, seven! An' the cookin' an' the cleanin' an' all that. You know, I don't wonder she don't take no pride in 'erself. I don't reely! I desay she thinks I'm as bad as 'er. She 'ad nice 'ands, too. I mean to say she was very partic'lar about 'er 'ands. Rub lemons on 'em every night to make 'em white. An' glycerine! Ever 'eard of that? Keeps 'em soft an' white. She read about it in a paper. An' do the grate with gloves on. I often say to 'er if she'd only kep' it up, she'd be as nice-lookin' as any of 'em. But she didn't! An' I don't wonder at it neither. Not with wot she 'as to do. Only—! They do it all right. I mean to say their 'air don't get the way 'ers is! Mind, I'm not sayin' a word against 'er. She an' me's all right, you know. I don't mean to say we don't 'ave no words now an' again, but on the 'ole, we're all right. On the 'ole! Proper pals we are. I tell 'er all about this every Sunday. She thinks same as me about it. She's got too much to do. It ain't 'er fault, of course. I mean to say, she ain't to blame. An' it ain't my fault. Jus' can't be 'elped!"

The drift of fashionable folk had thinned, and the little man murmured something about having to go. He gazed about him in the manner of one who is eager to take a last good look at treasured scenes, and then rose and stretched himself.

"I wouldn't miss comin' 'ere for anythink," he said, and added, "Good-day, sir!" and went his way.

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

## Music.

### MAHLER'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY.

MAHLER is still very little known in England, and judging from some of the criticisms of his Seventh Symphony, which was excellently given by Sir Henry Wood at the Queen's Hall on Saturday last, he is still less understood. That he has a great following in Germany is not in itself a very impressive recommendation, for there are so many circles in Germany each

burning to call the true Messiah its own and no one else's, that whatever a musician may do there he is certain of a following of some sort. Mahler, however, numbers among his adherents a great many not only of the merely "advanced" but of the steadier heads of modern Germany. It is at least arguable that his nine Symphonies represent on the whole the most significant body of work done in the symphonic form since Brahms; while even people who are not yet on the intellectual or musical level of the Symphonies are as a rule sensitive to the beauty and the power of his songs.

It will not do, as several critics tried last Monday, to dismiss him as a merely clever manipulator of enormous orchestral masses. Richard Strauss has really a great deal to answer for! We have so often seen him, —as in the "*Symphonia Domestica*"—using an orchestra the size of which was out of all proportion to the value of the ideas he was expressing, that it has become almost a fixed principle with many people to assume that every work demanding an orchestra of 110 must necessarily be another case of more cry than wool. The truth is that under certain circumstances an orchestra of 110 is quite a reasonable combination; it certainly did not seem to me to be excessive in the Symphony of Mahler, for the simple reason that I never felt that splashes of color were being laid on to hide a deficiency of ideas. What struck me was rather the exquisite balance between the means and the end, the perfect certainty both of Mahler's thinking and of his style. One can hardly imagine a composer more sure of himself in latitudes not accessible to ordinary feet; and this combined sense of bigness and certainty is one of the rarest impressions in the concert room, and the surest sign of our being in the presence of a master. The smaller men give it us occasionally; among the men whose normal association is with the greater and graver things, perhaps only Bach and Wagner can be counted upon for it at all times. One needs to hear only a chance phrase of Wagner's in the concert room, quite dissociated from its context, to realise how the ardor of his thinking fills every vein of every phrase. We had an illustration of this at the commencement of last Saturday's concert. Plunged as we were without a moment's preparation into the "*Waldweben*" from "*Siegfried*," no one, surely, could fail to be conscious that he was in the presence of a master whose merest word constrained us to listen, such pregnancy, such concentration, such power to call up associations far wider than itself, were there in the smallest theme. I, for one, always felt this largeness of brain and of hand in Mahler's Symphony; I do not see, indeed, how anyone could read a single time through the score without being conscious of it. With all his ambition and his fervor, and what is erroneously called his megalomania, there is never a trace in him of the fumbling that does so much to spoil our enjoyment of the real greatness of Bruckner's ideas,—never a sign of struggle with problems either of thought or of technique. Or just one sign, perhaps. I am not sure whether it is the composer's imagination or our own that relaxes a little during the final movement; no doubt both find the strain an abnormal one. The Seventh Symphony, it may be frankly confessed, is too long: probably no composer of purely instrumental music can hope to sustain the interest at the same high level for an hour and twenty minutes. But apart from this natural slackening of the tension during the *finale*, I cannot, for my part, see any sign in the work of a mind aiming at an expression beyond its natural powers. The Symphony seems to me extraordinarily rich in ideas and firm in texture, and the work all through of a great man.

Mahler must be a hard nut to crack for the amiable gentlemen who are obsessed 'by the theory of a "national" consciousness that must somehow create for itself a "national" school of music; and he is correspondingly comforting to those who hold that art is not a matter of nationality but of personal temperament and experience, and that, other things being equal, the finest art is likely to come from a crossing of races and of cultures. Mahler was apparently half Jewish and

half Bohemian; the blend of Slav and Semite in him, in itself a rich one, was further enriched by a world-wide culture, not only in music but in art and philosophy—for his brain was as eager as his blood. The soul of him burned the body out, indeed, at the age of fifty-one. Yet with all this crossing of inner forces and outer influences in him, there could not be a style less obviously or consciously composite than Mahler's; at no point in it do you feel that any of the elements of it have been merely "lifted" without being assimilated. Even the most intrepid of hunters-out of "national" characteristics in music would blanch at the task of deciding which feature of Mahler's music was Jewish, for example, which Slavonic, and which German. What has evidently happened is that each of the currents in him has raised the others to a new power. The one traceable affinity to other music in the Seventh Symphony is to be found in some of the waltz-like melodies of the third movement, that are unmistakably children of that "Viennese spirit" to which Schubert gave such delightful expression. But they are living children, not mere imitative waxwork figures. They are, in a sense, Vienna and Schubert, but they are also unmistakably Mahler. But the Symphony is throughout, I should say, the product of a mind of unusual distinction.

The charge of megalomania seems to me quite unjustifiable. I can nowhere see any of the signs—so sadly plentiful in some other music of more ambition than achievement—of the frog swelling himself to the size of the ox, and bursting in the process. The themes are of peculiar pregnancy; they have personality of their own, independently of the uses to which they are put in the course of their development; they are not merely figures but characters, which is more than can be said of many symphonic themes. The coloring is amazingly sure both in the mass and in detail; Mahler is one of the few men who can make us feel that a melody has not merely been invented in the abstract and then scored for this instrument or that, but that melodic line and color were conceived simultaneously and are inextricably interblended. None of us can say how much of the elevating effect of the fine theme with which the symphony opens is due to the contour of it and how much to the veiled yet eloquent tone of the tenor horn; one can no more think of the two factors in separation than one can imagine the melody of the prelude to the third act of "Tristan" in any other color than that of the cor anglais. The surety of Mahler's color sense, and at the same time the perfect fusion of the color with the idea, is shown again by the way he uses the guitars and the mandolines in the fourth movement. So far from their giving us the impression of being dragged in for mere effect by a composer who was at the end of his resources on normal lines, these instruments seem here the most natural thing in the world, so perfectly do they fuse with the rest of the orchestra, and so essential are they to the ideas at this point. But behind all this certainty of style and of technique is an imagination of a very unusual kind, vivid, ardent, and vast, and with the power of turning everything that passes through it into natural music. He gives us none of the clues to his vision that the writers of avowed programme music do; but he is clear enough for all that, and to minds that can enter into his with imaginative sympathy he is one of the subtlest forces in modern music.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

## Communications.

### THE CASE AGAINST THE SUGAR TAX.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When, a few weeks ago, it was announced in the "Times" that a Committee of the Liberal Members had been formed to urge upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer the need for reducing the existing food taxes, and especially

the tax on sugar, and that a memorial to this effect was being prepared, it seemed quite obvious to every Lobby correspondent that this was a kind of emergency movement arising directly and inevitably out of the troubles in the Unionist Party. Here, we were told, is a general stampede. Unionist Members will not face the country with proposals for new food taxes. Liberals are equally afraid of facing it with the old food taxes unrepealed. As a matter of sober fact, the journalists were wrong. The committee on our side had been formed, and a memorial decided upon, long before there was any question of a crisis in the ranks of our opponents. But the fact that the Unionist Party were engaged in shelving their own food-tax proposals seemed no reason for not asserting the claim that Liberals have made for a generation past—namely, that a Government has no right, except in case of real emergency, to raise its revenue by taxing the materials of industry or the necessities of life of the poor.

Let me endeavor then, very briefly, to restate the case against the sugar-tax, and the reasons that seem to some of us conclusive for pressing here and now for its repeal.

That the sugar-tax is essentially a bad tax every Liberal admits. No one attempts to defend it on its merits. There has never been a tax more eloquently or more justly condemned. For three years before they were returned to power in 1906, the whole Liberal Party were engaged in denouncing it. It had been imposed, so they asserted, as a war-tax. The Unionist Government were "morally pledged to take it off whenever the war was over." By keeping it on as they had done after the conclusion of the war, they had "deceived and defrauded the people." It was "an atrocious thing," said Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in January, 1903, to keep on these taxes on sugar and flour; and Sir Edward Grey, speaking in the same month, was hardly less emphatic. In 1904, and again in 1905, a motion was brought forward by Sir Francis Channing in favor of the total repeal of the sugar duties. The party Whips on each occasion were tellers for the motion; Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Buxton spoke for it; and every Member of the present Cabinet then in the House of Commons, including the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Harcourt, Colonel Seeley, Mr. Samuel, and Lord Morley, voted in one or other of those years for Sir Francis Channing's motion.

After the return of the party to power in 1906, the matter took a somewhat different light. Denunciations began to give way to excuses. There were excellent reasons in the first two years against attempting so large a change. But, speaking in the House of Commons, in 1897, on Mr. Harold Cox's motion, the Prime Minister again expressed, in unmistakable language, the views which Liberals have always held about this tax. It is a tax, he said, "which ought to be got rid of at the earliest possible moment. . . . Vicious in principle, burdensome in its incidence, unequal in its operation between classes and interests. . . . It ought not to form a permanent part of the fiscal machinery of the country." In the following year, in spite of the introduction of Old Age Pensions, a beginning was made by the reduction of half the tax; and the Prime Minister expressed his regret that "the resources at his disposal did not enable him to propose its total and immediate abolition." Four more years have since elapsed; but the abolition of these duties is still delayed. And to-day, in a time of booming trade, a Liberal Government is raising three and a quarter millions a year by means of a tax which they have consistently denounced, and which every member of the party knows to be unjust.

No doubt good reasons may still be found for the delay. The position, we are told, is very different from what it was in 1901, or even in 1907, when Mr. Asquith spoke. Under the Old Age Pensions Act and the Insurance Act, the class on which the burden of food-taxes mainly falls have already received great benefits. Is it not fair they should contribute something towards them? In any case, it will be said, there is no surplus available for reduction. The cost of the Navy is increasing; the cost of the Civil Service is increasing. A new scheme of education has been promised. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may be a man of great resources; but even he cannot perform impossibilities. It is absurd to expect him to reduce taxation at a time of high expenditure like this.

These are very familiar arguments. They are urged by every Chancellor of the Exchequer against every reduction that is proposed; and if the appeal made were merely an



appeal for reduction of too high a tax, they would be arguments very difficult to meet. But the appeal made in respect of the sugar duties is an entirely different one. The objection to these duties is not that they are too high, but that they are bad and vicious altogether. They are a tax on the raw materials of industry and on the raw materials of human life. They are a tax which falls with unequal weight on the poorest of the poor. They are a tax to which, on principle, Liberals are opposed, and which, if pledges mean anything, they are pledged to abolish. If such duties did not exist already, there would be no question now of imposing them; and, whatever may have been the justification for retaining them in the past, it is clear that they cannot be indefinitely retained without grave discredit to the party. The position of the party in this matter is something like that of a man who, having embarked on large expenditure for the extension and adornment of his house, is confronted with a comparatively small debt, about which he had almost forgotten, but which, in consequence of his new outlay, he finds it highly inconvenient to pay. Such a man is apt to find that, great as is the inconvenience of paying, the inconvenience of not paying is greater still. Whatever may be the Chancellor's difficulties, through the ever-growing claims of the Departments, it may be hoped that he will take the opportunity that good trade and high revenue have brought him of getting rid, once and for all, of an odious and indefensible tax.—Yours &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL.

January 23rd, 1913.

## Letters to the Editor.

### LAND VALUES AND LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Aronson asks, "Whence, under the proposed new system of rating and taxing land values, is the revenue to come?"

First, let me state again what these proposals are. In the first place, we propose that for the whole or a large part of the present rates for education, police and poor relief, main roads and asylums, a national tax on land values should be substituted. For argument's sake, I have assumed that this tax would be, in the first instance, limited to one penny in the £, and will yield, roughly, £25,000,000, a sum which would pay about one-third of the rates. Mr. Aronson is quite wrong in assuming that the tax has risen to threepence. The second proposal we make is that all the rates left over after the relief afforded by the penny tax should be paid in future upon a land-values basis by the present ratepayers. As one penny will relieve one-third of the rates, it is obvious that threepence will pay them all, and I therefore took the penny national tax and a twopenny local rate as roughly equal to a threepenny tax.

Now for the answer to Mr. Aronson's question. He acknowledges, frankly, that most of the present ratepayers will be relieved, but is curious to know at whose expense. It must be obvious that a universal tax on land values will tap huge values which at present go free. There are the incomes of urban ground landlords, there are the thousands of acres of undeveloped land, the rating of which to-day bears no relation to their selling value, but only to the use to which they are put, and there are also thousands of acres of under-developed land, of which the same may be said. The valuation alone can prove whether we are right or wrong in claiming that the results which have followed the adoption of the new system elsewhere will follow it here. We think that there will be ample funds from which to relieve the burdens of the present ratepayers. I can only answer Mr. Aronson by giving him a general idea whence we hope to draw those funds.

Mr. Styring is good enough to inform your readers that his objections to the new land-tax proposals remain unshaken. Of course they do. He has not yet grasped what the proposals are. When he has done so, it will be time enough for us to hope to shake his convictions. But, before letting him go, I propose to say a few words upon the summary of his objections.

His first objection is that, "as the landlord at present bears all rates and taxes, to impose a further tax on the capital value of his land is to levy a double tax." The only sense in which it is true that the landlord bears all rates and taxes is that, if there were no rates and taxes, he would extract a higher rent. But the fact that rates are not levied upon capital value often allows the landlord to hold out for an excessive rent. An unfair system enables him to levy an unfair toll. In reforming that unfair system, we are bound to take cognisance of its abuses, and to give as a reason for not taxing the toll exacted by the landlord, that he has, even under the system we condemn, had to put a limit to his demands, owing to the existence of rates, is to give a reason as audacious as it is futile. Mr. Styring is ready to tax all future increment. On what ground? That it is unearned? But what of the huge incomes of our urban ground landlords to-day? Why are they to escape increment duty? Why are they to be differentiated from future increment?

I concede at once that those who have purchased unimproved land values for money value are in a different position to those who have merely inherited them, or got them by some other means. But in our endeavor to protect the Friendly Society and the investor in ground-rents, we must not be persuaded to let the far less deserving cases slip through our net. Everyone admits that the great public rates, such as education, should be treated as national rather than local burdens. Everybody admits that to relieve such rates out of the general taxes is to give a bonus to landlords by enabling them to raise their rents to the extent of the relief. No method of relief has been suggested except a universal land-values tax, which will give relief to the ratepayer without giving a bonus to the landowners. You may like or dislike our proposals, but I challenge any of your readers to produce any other proposal which carries out the same object without giving public money to private persons.

Mr. Styring's second objection is that "to remove the rates from the occupier to the landowner will in the end be no relief to the occupier, as the amount will be reimposed as rent." This is an amazing argument from one who is in favor of relieving rates out of general taxes. He tells us in advance, and tells us truly, that all the relief will be absorbed by the landlords. But to apply such an argument to our proposals is to join issue with all political economists of any repute, who are agreed that it is difficult, if not impossible, to shift a universal tax on land values for this reason. The effect of such a tax must be to force more land into the market and into use. It is obvious that landowners cannot add a national tax of this sort to their rent if the effect of the tax is to force other landowners to compete with them for the favor of the would-be land-user. Where the system is in force, the tendency of rents has been to fall, not to rise. If Mr. Styring is not satisfied with this economic argument, a fair rent court might be called into existence to bring about what we believe will be brought about by the play of economic forces.

I will only briefly notice another aspect of Mr. Styring's astounding observation. He says that to remove rates from the occupier and put them upon the landowner will be no relief to the occupier. It is obvious that such a change would relieve the occupier from all fear of being rated upon his improvements, and that is no small matter.

Mr. Styring's third objection is that "unless a larger aggregate of rates and taxes than is at present paid by the occupier is levied on the land, neither the State nor the local authority will be any better off." It never occurs to this ruthless critic that levying rates and taxes upon a fair system may be worth while, even though the aggregate raised is no greater; nor does it occur to him that levying rates and taxes upon a fair system may have such an effect upon the production of wealth that a considerably greater aggregate may be raised without imposing any greater burden on the present ratepayers.

His statement, finally, that the Increment Value Duty has assured to the State the unearned increment, leaves out of sight entirely the vast amount of such increment to-day resting in private hands. The only argument which has ever been advanced against the taxation of the huge land values in the possession of urban ground landlords is that some persons have given money value for such land values. But that argument is not enough. When the valuation is com-



pleted, why should we not allow landowners to deduct from the State valuation the amount which they or their predecessors in title gave for the land, in estimating the value upon which a land-values tax, as distinct from rates, should be levied? In this way we could tap these communal values which now escape without doing injustice to a single purchaser for value, and the yield would be enormous.

I say, advisedly, that such a provision should apply to taxes and not to rates, because I believe it to be essential that the rates should be levied upon land value, so that no one shall have an interest, in town or country, in keeping out of use, until it has ripened in value, land wanted for the development of the full energies of our people.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD G. HEMMERDE.

House of Commons, January 17th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have failed till now to notice that Mr. Hemmerde had been good enough to reply to a query which I addressed to him in November last. Will you permit me, though over-late, further response?

He says that "It is difficult to imagine a more amazing confusion of thought" than I have displayed. I confess I had much misunderstood his proposals. Whether that is due to my "confusion of thought," or to his confusion of expression, your readers must judge.

Taking my case of a landowner, the value of whose property is nine-tenths improved and one-tenth prairie value, as compared with an industrial stockowner in a mine representing almost wholly unimproved land value, Mr. Hemmerde says that "It is obvious that a tax on land value would fall far more heavily upon such an industrial stockowner than on such a landowner, for the tax is on unimproved values." Books such as the Duke of Bedford's "History of a Great Estate," and Albert Pell's "Making of the Land" show that, in the particular cases there mentioned, the unimproved value of the land was nil, and give good reasons for supposing that the unimproved value of ordinary agricultural land is much the same.

Then as to town values, Mr. Hemmerde writes: "I do not for one moment suggest that it would be fair to put very heavy taxes upon freehold ground rents which have passed for value, but I think there is an excellent case for a moderate tax upon them." He does not say what the "excellent case" is; possibly it is the case of Mr. Midshipman Easy's baby, namely, that it is "only a little one." But, as practically all town lands must have passed for value some time or other, though possibly not at today's values, and the tax on such lands is to be only moderate, I am, in my puzzle-headed way, unable to see how any great tax revenue is to be obtained from them.

But I can see that there is hope for a considerable revenue from the industrial stockowner in mines; only in this case, as the mines are mostly not situated in England, the tax cannot be even nominally on the land, but must be levied on the dividends. I have my doubts whether, when swingeing taxation was imposed on Rand mining dividends, many Rand Mine shares would be nominally owned in England; but no doubt Mr. Hemmerde can get over this little difficulty. I wondered for a moment whether Mr. Hemmerde's far heavier tax was intended by him to fall only on mines in England, but have concluded that he cannot mean this; for to tax A heavily because he had put his money in a British coal mine, and to let off B, C, and D, who had put their money in coal mines in New South Wales, Natal, or Nova Scotia, would obviously be not only unjust to A, but detrimental to the development of British industries.

On the whole, therefore, I have come to the conclusion that the tax commonly known as a land values tax should be more correctly described as a mining dividend tax. I hope I have now grasped Mr. Hemmerde's proposition correctly. My only remaining difficulty is to understand how the proceeds of the tax will be sufficient to replace the produce of the existing local rates.—Yours, &c.,

W. M. A.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.  
January 22nd, 1913.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., *NATION*.]

## WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Dickinson, in his admirable letter on the democratic aspect of the women's claim, quotes and meets the anti-suffragists' use of the truism that Man is Man and Woman is Woman effectively from the democratic point of view; but it is such a favorite fallacy that it may be worth while to expose its inherent vice, and to show that it is the most irrational and the most inexcusable plea that can be urged against giving votes to women.

Any arbitrary restriction of the franchise, such as too high an age limit, would be objectionable, but it would not exclude an entire class or kind of human beings. Even if anything so absurd as the exclusion of persons below a certain height or weight were proposed, it would still leave every class and kind of the population represented, though the numbers of each would be smaller. But a sex-limitation shuts out an entire kind of person with every class of that kind.

If we wish to appreciate the height of the injustice and the depth of the folly of this exclusion of half the nation, we must consider, first, in what respects men and women are alike; and, secondly, in what respects they differ. What do we mean when we say that Man is Man and Woman is Woman?

First, physically, in respect of ninety-nine hundredths of the human frame men and women are identical. The bones, muscles, nerves, veins, and arteries, sensory organs are identical. Men and women alike need housing, clothing, and food; they love and hate; they enjoy and suffer; they work and rest; they hope and fear alike. They are alike members of a great community, in which the happiness of all depends on the wise and just management of all those complex matters which concern the welfare of all and each. What right has half the community to say to the other half, "You shall have no voice in this management; you shall not even be represented in our councils. However unjust you may feel our treatment to be, you shall have no constitutional power of redress"?

So monstrous a claim as this deserves no consideration. Its mere statement is its own exposure as a piece of insulting arrogance and barefaced injustice for which there can be no defence.

But men of limited perceptions think they can justify every injustice by citing the undeniable fact that God made men and women different, which brings us to our second question: In what respects do they differ? The answer, of course, is obvious. They differ in what pertains to sex. But this difference, our opponents tell us, is vital. They are right; it is of vital and of crucial importance. Maternity and long, anxious care of bringing up young children is one of the hardest forms of work carried out by any of the community, and it is incontestably the most important and most vital to the physical health of the whole nation. And this is exclusively the work of women; they are the only experts in it, and to deprive Parliament of the experience, the opinion, and the direct influence of women in all the legislation bearing on this great subject is sheer lunacy.

The appalling rate of infant mortality, and the wretched, stunted condition of vast numbers of those who survive, are the work of men who refuse the co-operation of women in legislating on matters which women only understand. Among these we must not forget to include domestic economy, on which women are the only experienced authorities.

This shows the folly of rejecting all the services that women could render to the State, simply because they are women, and are alone capable of rendering them. But the injustice to the women themselves, which has been shown above in respect of those matters where the sexes are alike, is yet more shameful in respect of those where they differ. Since women are not men, their needs differ from those of men; and to stifle the voices of all classes of women, to leave them helpless in the hands of a legislature and an electorate which does not contain a single woman, is as crazy as it is cruel.

In view of the innumerable matters in which women's relations to social life are the same as men's, their exclusion from management of what concerns them as much as men is intolerable injustice. In view of the one point in which there is a real and vital difference, their exclusion is an act of insane and wanton cruelty to the nation and to the women.

If women's claim to the vote rested on this difference alone, it would be irresistible. Women must have the vote, and that now if the deadly evils arising from their exclusion are to be arrested.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY HOLIDAY.

Oak Tree House, Hampstead.  
January 20th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is refreshing to turn aside from the wearisome iterations of both parties in the suffrage controversy to the considered and interesting argument of my learned friend, Mr. Dickinson, in your last issue. The submission advanced in his admirable communication seems to be that the case thus put forward is unanswerable, and that, consequently, no true democrat can consistently oppose the extension of the franchise to women. Permit me to make a brief rejoinder.

Mr. Dickinson's three propositions are incontestable by Liberals, namely, (1) that government rests upon consent; (2) that taxation must be imposed by representation; and (3) that the foundations of government are strengthened in proportion as they are widened.

Before dealing with the first proposition, may I preface a single comment on each of the others? As to the second, the great Liberal principle of "no taxation without representation" was neither claimed nor exercised as an individual right. The agitation directed against the Ship Tax by Hampden, and the protest against the Tea Duty by the American colonists were excited among communities debarred, as communities, from exercising a voice over the raising of public monies to which they were required to contribute. To found an individual right to representation on these incidents or the principle which they illustrate, is historically false and the expedient of a weak cause.

With regard to Mr. Dickinson's third proposition, it expresses a principle of development which is not in issue in the present controversy. I enter a  *caveat* . It is not at all clear, I submit, that the indefinite expansion of the electoral roll will make for increasing and permanent stability in the State.

But it is Mr. Dickinson's first proposition which goes to the root of the matter. Granted that government rests upon consent, does a Liberal abjure his political faith by resisting woman suffrage? This is much too important a question to be adequately dealt with in my present opportunity, but I want to suggest two considerations covered by Mr. Dickinson's main proposition: (1) *Who* is to consent? (2) *How* is that consent to be expressed?

Both these questions present themselves to my mind in the light of a brilliant sentence by Professor Hobhouse, which, in my judgment, states the cardinal principle of Liberalism. "An individual right cannot conflict with the common good, nor can any right exist apart from the common good." ("Liberalism," Home University Library.)

Mr. Dickinson's root fallacy is that the right to vote is a right originating in the individual, and not derived from the community. I cannot do better than cite Guizot: "We are no longer concerned to represent individual wills, which is really an impossibility, as Rousseau has fully demonstrated, though he was mistaken in thinking that this is the aim of representation. . . . So far from representation founding itself on a right, inherent in all individual wills, to concur in the exercise of power, it, on the other hand, rests on the principle that no will has in itself any right to power, and that whoever exercises or claims to exercise power is bound to prove that he exercises—or will exercise it—not according to his own will, but according to reason. ("Representative Government.")

Clearly, Mr. Dickinson's proposition cannot be intended to cover all living beings in the State, irrespective of age, sex, or condition. Discrimination is inevitable in all human arrangements, social and political, and I cannot understand how a democrat can answer the question: "*Who* is to consent?" except by the simple reply, *the electorate*.

My second query: "*How* is that consent to be expressed?" answers itself in the columns of THE NATION. Parliament is designed to serve as the authorised exponent of the national will, and it seems to me idle to pretend that the national will in regard to the extension of the suffrage to woman has been either consulted or obtained.

In view of the political exigencies of the moment, allow me to add a final word. The Liberal case against the suffrage movement can be expressed in two sentences. An individual right is claimed, with no reference to what Professor Hobhouse calls "the common good," except as an afterthought. The whole movement is occupied in concerting measures to prevent the general will of the community being effectively consulted. Such a movement is foredoomed to perpetuate the failure of the last fifty years. Woman suffrage without the assent of the general will is a political abortion which no circumspect Liberal will assist.—Yours, &c.,

HOLFORD KNIGHT.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.  
January 23rd, 1913.

#### MR. FRY ON SIR ALMA TADEMA'S PAINTING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Roger Fry's article on Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema's work with interest, not to say amusement.

It would be fairly easy to understand this coming from an art critic pure and simple; one could then hope that the writer had merely mistaken his vocation; but from an artist—albeit, this is but a courtesy title—it is surprising.

I hold no brief for Sir Alma Tadema's painting, but I feel that I cannot allow the work of a staunch upholder of good drawing and pure color—I say nothing of the meticulous accuracy of detail—to be attacked without reply by a man whose own work is entirely devoid of these essentials of good painting.

It is not always fair to find fault with a critic because he cannot himself do better than the work he criticises, but when Mr. Fry proudly claims that the exhibition of his friends, the rejected failures of the art schools, otherwise known as the Post-Impressionists, drew a larger public than any recent exhibition, and then indulges in cheap sneers at the commercial proclivities, which he appears to see so strongly in Sir Alma Tadema's work, then, I think, one is justified in discounting very largely the value of Mr. Fry's opinions as expressed in his article.

The case of the Post-Impressionists is rather like that of a glowing ember which, falling on the hearth, bursts into flame for a moment, then flickers, and finally dies out, becoming merely so much ash, and having affected in no way the fire from which it fell.

That Post-Impressionism, at any rate as at present known, will have any real effect upon true art, I think nobody believes. Certainly, the fact that the exhibition mentioned drew large crowds is no indication of approval, but merely a tribute to the business ability of the promoters in arousing so much curiosity in the public.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD H. HERFORD.

Stand, Whitefield, Manchester.  
January 19th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been a subscriber to THE NATION since its inception, and I have always hitherto found its articles, however extreme and controversial in tone they may be, characterised by fairness and good taste. I regret, however, that that record is broken by the article I have just read in your issue of last week, and which has filled me with such indignation and disgust that I feel impelled to write at once to record my protest against it. I allude to the attack made by Mr. Roger Fry on the late Sir Alma Tadema.

I hold no brief for Sir Alma Tadema, and I may say that I do not myself admire his work, and should probably agree, therefore, with most adverse criticisms upon it; but this article is not criticism, it is abuse. Even if the article could be defended as fair criticism, it is cruelly ill-timed in view of the recent date of Sir Alma Tadema's death. Surely, you must realise that the many relatives and friends by whom the recent death of Sir Alma Tadema is still keenly felt as a personal loss, will be deeply pained by reading this article, not on the score of the views upon art which it

embodies, but by reason of the spirit of uncharitableness which pervades it.—Yours, &c.,

KENNETH R. SWAN.

1, Essex Court, Temple, E.C.  
January 20th, 1913.

[Mr. Fry's views on art are not necessarily or always ours, but we must defend him from the charge of personal uncharitableness. We should imagine that no man was less open to it.—ED., NATION.]

### "THE MAN HIMSELF."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If there is room for yet one more definition of style, I would, though with diffidence, suggest that style, literary style, is the play of secondary thought or feeling round the primary or central thought to which an author is giving expression. It is the vehicle by which he conveys to us the information how a thought, in its nature general, affects him individually at the moment of writing. In its highest form it is the subtlest thing there is. There is no feeling or impression that it cannot convey. It may tell us that the writer is affected to tears or laughter, to love or loathing, to indignation or applause—the list is endless—it can even render the half-tones, and nuances peculiar to individuals, in their infinite variety; and this by a sort of magic, by charging a word or phrase with a meaning it never had before, and that no analysis can discover; establishing a direct communication between two minds, of the writer and the reader, by means that are in some way apart from and beyond language; since no form of direct speech could accomplish the miraculous result. It is just this magical or miraculous quality of style, as used by the greatest masters, that must always make us diffident, if not despairing, in our attempt at definition. It is born of the spirit, and by the very hypothesis defies such material analysis. The best we can do is to try to discover what, in logical language, are its properties, and from what it is to be distinguished.

Let us, then, to begin with, notice a distinction that is to be made. In common parlance, we give the name of "style" to two essentially different things—things that are, in certain aspects, exactly opposite in their origin and aim. We perceive that style in games and exercises—cricket, billiards, golf, &c.—is a pretty thing, and that the style of Milton or Keats is also beautiful. But to suppose that the two kinds of style are in any but the most distant way related, leads to confusion. Buffon's saying to the effect that style is the man, the individual himself, though not very illuminating as it stands, being rather an epigrammatic protest against shallow judgment than a serious attempt at definition, yet certainly has the root of the matter. What it tells us is that the assertion of individual personality is of the essence of literary style. Here imitation is abhorrent and fatal. There is no school in which it can be learnt; it is a congenital idiosyncrasy. But the other art of style, though we designate it by the same English word, is purely a matter of imitation; a thing to be taught or caught; a model to which the learner daily and hourly tries to conform. The model has been arrived at by obeying physio-mechanical laws, and by the experience of the race; but the end is attained by correcting the erring tendencies of the natural man. In a word, the one consists in developing, the other in suppressing individuality.

But perhaps in a short space I cannot better indicate what seems to me the true view than by examining another from which I dissent. It seems that Buffon has a further pronouncement to the effect that style comes of *la douceur de l'âme*. Nothing could be further from the truth, at least as regards the kind of style we are discussing. Even if he did not know Dante or our Milton, Juvenal should have saved him from such an error. But, for our own purposes, let us quote from Milton the famous lines in which he introduces Belial to us—

"In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
And in luxurious cities where the noise  
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
And injury and outrage; and when night  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."

In this magnificent passage—magnificent for its style—one seeks in vain for the signs of *douceur de l'âme*, but finds

instead indignation, abhorrence, contempt, disgust—emotions of subterranean force; and we, the hearers, while under the magnetic influence, become ourselves centres of similar forces.

I am, throughout, speaking of that highest artistic product in literature, the style of the Great Masters. It flows from the deepest springs in their nature. The large sublime style of Plato and Bacon flows from their all-embracing hearts and intellects; the style of Lamb from the whimsical soul of Lamb; the style of Milton from the "volcanic heart of Milton." It is always the outward sign of inward excitement; and he who attempts this order of style without the excitement attempts a fraud. Instead of the welling-up of a deep natural spring, we detect the strokes of the force-pump. Macaulay is the example; though that he had in him the source of true style is proved by his beautiful lines on "The Death of a Jacobite," but he neglected it for more showy fountain-play.

But it may be asked, is there then no difference between a cultured and an uncultured, a lucid and a confused, style? Certainly there is, and we owe our thanks to those who have cultivated it and made our everyday reading easy and pleasant to us. It is contrasted, however, with great style, in that it can be learnt and taught, and is largely negative, avoiding what mars lucidity and interferes with the flow. But when we have done all that can be done on these lines, we shall not necessarily have attained to style in the higher sense, and must not claim to be stylists.—Yours, &c.,

Willersey, Glos.

GEORGE HOOKHAM.

January 22nd, 1913.

### THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Owing to the advent of a new rector, the Church congregation of the parish in which I reside had to witness a reading of the above recently, followed by a solemn declaration of unqualified acceptance of the whole of those Articles by one who is supposed to preach truth in word and deed to the parishioners for years to come.

I understand that this ceremony must follow on the acceptance of a living by any rector in the Church of England, but I feel sure that compliance with its law or custom to that effect in the twentieth century must have a demoralising influence on clergy and laity alike, and probably your readers will agree with this protest.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED S. JONES.

Finchampstead, Berks.

## Poetry.

### YOUR SOUL WAS A WILD BIRD, WOUNDED.

Your soul was a wild bird, wounded.

I raised it up;

My two warm hands, these made a cup

To hold it near my breast

And give it rest;

Water it had to drink,

From the spring at my heart's brink;

It's wound was closed and knit,

My happiness torn and bound to it;

Naught was hid from it that would ease its fret;

All that I loved to remember was given it to forget.

Then, with the break of day,

It rose and soared away

To that place far, far beyond the green walls of the sea,  
Where there is a brighter sun and a colder wind than  
shall ever be known to me.

Waiting, while the light turns grey upon the shore and strand,

I felt my empty heart, and hands, and breast, and understand;

For in my emptiness and pain

There is that which many a woman would give the world to gain;

And in my desolation move

Grand and terrible things whose name is Love.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Windham Papers: The Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. William Windham (1750-1810)." With an Introduction by Lord Rosebery. (Jenkins. 2 vols. 32s. net.)
- "The Life and Letters of William Cobbett." By Lewis Melville. (Lane. 2 vols. 32s. net.)
- "The Positive Evolution of Religion; Its Moral and Social Reaction." By Frederic Harrison. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "Sir Roger L'Estrange: A Contribution to the History of the Press in the Seventeenth Century." By George Kitchin. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Lost in the Arctic: Being the Story of the 'Alabama' Expedition." By Ejnar Mikkelsen. (Heinemann. 18s. net.)
- "Thames-Side in the Past: Sketches of its Literature and Society." By F. C. Hodgson. (Allen. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Mozart's Operas: A Critical Study." By Edward J. Dent. (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Common Sense in Foreign Policy." By Sir Harry Johnston. (Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Celebrity's Daughter." By Violet Hunt. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)
- "Fortitude." By Hugh Walpole. (Secker. 6s.)
- "Turquie Agonisante." Par Pierre Loti. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 2 fr.)
- "Histoire de la Littérature Française Classique." Tome Troisième. "Le Dix-Septième Siècle." Par Ferdinand Brunetière et René Doumic. (Paris: Delagrave. 10 fr.)
- "La Maison Brûlée." Roman. Par Paul Margueritte. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Im Balkankrieg." Von C. Ross. (München: Mürke. M. 2.)
- "Musikstudenten." Roman. Von Paul Höcker. (Stuttgart: Engelhorn. M. 1.)

PROFESSOR A. F. POLLARD has been chosen to inaugurate the Goldwin Smith lectures at Cornell University. His subject is "The Place of Parliamentary Institutions in the Development of Civilisation." The lectures are to be delivered early this year, and they will subsequently be published in book form in this country as well as in the United States.

ECONOMISTS are at present giving a good deal of attention to the intricate problems connected with the rise of prices that has taken place within recent years. Mr. J. A. Hobson has made a study of this problem, and the results of his investigations will be given in a book entitled "Gold, Prices, and Wages," which Messrs. Methuen are to publish towards the end of next month. Mr. Hobson gives special attention to the enlarged output of gold, but we understand that he does not think this increase has had as great an effect as most other writers are inclined to believe.

THE Cambridge University Press has in preparation a lengthy "History of India" on the same lines as "The Cambridge Modern History." It will be in six volumes, and will be under the editorship of Professor E. J. Rapson, Colonel Wolsley Haig, and Sir Theodore Morison. Each of these authorities will be entrusted with the supervision of a separate section—Professor Rapson with Ancient India, Colonel Haig with Mohammedan India, and Sir Theodore Morison with British India. As the different chapters in each section will be written by scholars who have made a special study of the period or subject, the work as a whole can hardly fail to take its place as the standard historical work upon India.

NEXT month the same publishers will issue "The Life and Correspondence of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke," by Mr. P. C. Yorke. This work, which runs to three volumes, is based on the Hardwicke and Newcastle manuscripts in the British Museum, and will, we are told, throw much fresh light upon Hardwicke's political influence, as well as upon the characters and careers of Walpole, Newcastle, the elder Pitt, Henry Fox, and the Duke of Cumberland. The Byng affair and George III.'s struggle with the Whigs also receive a good deal of attention.

Two books by President Woodrow Wilson are announced for early publication. One, to be published by Messrs. Harper, is a lengthy biography of Washington, in which the general history of the United States during Washington's lifetime is examined. The other is entitled "The New Free-

dom," and will be issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. President Wilson describes it as "an attempt to express the new spirit of our politics, and to set forth . . . what it is that must be done if we are to restore our national life, whether in trade, in industry, or in what concerns us only as families and individuals, to its purity, its self-respect, and its pristine strength."

MR. MURRAY is about to issue a further instalment of "The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley." It is to be edited by Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, and will contain a good deal of fresh material about Brougham, Peel, the Duke of Cumberland, Mrs. Arbuthnot, Scott, and Wellington. Lady Shelley tells, at first hand, the whole story of the latter's duel with Lord Winchelsea, and the book also gives the Duke's own account of his mission to Russia.

ANOTHER of Mr. Murray's announcements is "The Youth of Goethe" by Dr. Hume Brown, the Historiographer Royal for Scotland. Dr. Brown has made a study of Goethe's moral and intellectual development up to the time of his settlement at Weimar in his twenty-seventh year. In Goethe's own view this was the most important period of his career.

A COLLECTION of essays by Professor George Santayana is to be published in this country by Messrs. Dent, under the title of "Winds of Doctrine: Studies in Contemporary opinion." It deals with "The Intellectual Temper of the Age," "Modernism," "M. Bergson's Philosophy," "Pragmatism" (on which Professor Santayana agrees with the criticisms of Mr. Bertrand Russell), "Shelley, or the Poetic Value of Revolutionary Principles," and "The Genteel Traditions in American Philosophy." Professor Santayana, who is of Spanish parentage, has held the Chair of Philosophy at Harvard, and been Hyde Lecturer at the Sorbonne. He has a very high reputation in America, some of his admirers going so far as to claim that he is the most profound thinker of the present generation.

"CONFESSIONS OF A CONVERT" is the title of an autobiographical volume by Monsignor Benson, which Messrs. Longmans have in the press. Monsignor Benson writes of his early training at home, his school life, his work as a parochial clergyman, and his experiences in an Anglican religious community, and he closes with a review of the different stages through which he passed in his progress to Roman Catholicism.

AMONG other books to appear shortly from Messrs. Longmans are Mr. G. P. Gooch's "History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century," of which some account was given in a recent number of THE NATION; a further volume of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's "English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporation Act," to be entitled "The Story of the King's Highway"; a selection from Cardinal Newman's unpublished "Sermon Notes"; and a contribution to Irish history, called "Stolen Waters: A Page from the Conquest of Ulster," by Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P. The latter volume has to do with the controversy on the Lough Neagh fishery rights, and is based on unpublished State Papers and other records. It brings to light several frauds that were practised on the Crown and the City of London in the period between James I. and Charles II.

THERE are not many literary anniversaries this year. The tercentenary of Jeremy Taylor's birth will be on August 15th, and the bicentenary of Sterne's on November 24th. The centenary anniversaries are those of Livingstone's birth on March 19th, of W. E. Ayton's on June 21st, of Wieland's death last Monday, and of Korner's on September 23rd.

MR. WILL CARLETON, the American poet, who died last week, is little known in this country. In his boyhood he worked as a farm-laborer, and many of his poems were composed in the fields. He first made a hit with "How Betsy and I are Out" while he was on the staff of the Detroit "Tribune." Of his published collections, "Farm Ballads" was the most successful—40,000 copies were sold in less than two years—though "Farm Legends," "Farm Festivals," and "Songs of Two Centuries" also won the favor of American readers.

## Reviews.

## THE PRISONER.

"Wards of the State: An Unofficial View of Prison and the Prisoner." By TIGHE HOPKINS. (Herbert & Daniel. 10s. 6d. net.)

Of late years no public institution has been subjected to such general condemnation as the prison. It has been charged with making men worse instead of better, and all kinds of suggestions have been made for its reform, as though the reform of the prison necessarily implied the reform of the prisoner. The brutal treatment to which the prisoner was at one time subjected is a thing of the past, and we take pride in our humane administration; but the cage is still a cage, and the prisoner a captive animal. He is as unfit as ever to take his place in the community on his liberation, and to live there in obedience to the law. Humane treatment need not be human treatment. The reproach against the prison system of to-day is not its severity, but its stupidity.

Books have been written on the subject by bookish people. Some of them have been interesting, and many of them clever; but the prisoner, as he appears to the imagination of the philosopher, differs from the prisoner as he is. There are volumes of official reports on prisons, and columns of statistics that enable those who read them to know everything about everybody, and nothing about anybody. They are printed at the public expense, and enjoy a very small circulation. That is a pity, for if official reports were more widely read, there would be fewer of them, or they would differ in character. Now and then an official writes on the subject unofficially. His views deserve consideration, if he has any, but the more closely he is identified with his work, the narrower his field of vision is likely to be. Few officials do write; silence may not be golden, but its reward is greater than that of speech. Of late years there has been a good deal of writing on the part of prisoners. They are practically unanimous as to the evils of imprisonment, but their conclusions are frequently quite as biased as those of the officials, though on another side. They have suffered from imprisonment, but their suffering would not in itself imply condemnation of the prison. They have been sent there because they did not behave outside. Whether they are comfortable or uncomfortable while they are in jail is a matter of secondary importance. It is of primary importance that they should behave when they are at liberty; and only in so far as imprisonment contributes to make them less able and willing to conform to the law on their liberation can it be condemned on grounds of public utility.

There is need for a book dealing with the matter sanely and comprehensively, from the stand-point of the citizen. In Mr. Tighe Hopkins's "Wards of the State" we have such a book. For many years he has taken an interest in the subject, and though he states that the general topics in his present work are "Imprisonment: its effects on the prisoner (in prison and after prison), and the prejudices it creates against him in the public mind," he covers a wider field. He has drawn his information from all sources, and has done it with understanding. He quotes the statement made by the Committee appointed by Mr. Asquith when he was Home Secretary, that the system "not only failed to reform offenders, but produced a deteriorating effect upon them."

Since then many changes have taken place, but the writings of those who have been subjected to imprisonment and penal servitude are emphatic in their condemnation of the system, as improved after the Report of the Committee. The life of a convict, as one of them says, is "a life regulated by two or three gentlemen in Whitehall." We never seem to grasp the idea that the task of these gentlemen is an impossible one, yet in the ordinary affairs of the world, nobody would admit the assumption that a man is able to regulate wisely the life of another whom he does not know.

The official tendency is to ignore the existence of individuals, and work to an average. The Rules for Prisons are an evidence of the fact. Discussing dietaries, Mr.

Hopkins quotes from the Report of a Departmental Committee:—

"The dietary has an intimate relationship with all the other elements of prison life. On its proper adjustment to the requirements of the average prisoner, and the manner of its application and administration, must depend in large measure the successful working of the whole prison system."

This is an illuminating statement regarding the system. One man eats more than his neighbor. The average will be too much for the one person, and too little for the other. Neither has what he needs, but the average prisoner—an abstraction—has what he requires; and on this depends the successful working of the whole prison system! It is easier to provide for imaginary men than for real men. Their complaints will only be imaginary. It is possible that the system may work successfully. Yet some prisoners may be always hungry, while there may be enough waste to feed the pigs from the unconsumed diets of those whose appetite is small. So far as a system works to an average, it will fail in its application to individuals, in other matters as well as diet.

Mr. Hopkins, in his review of prison routine, does not omit to take account of the hard life of the warders. They are as much a part of the system as the prisoner, and in some respects are no better off. The system is of more importance than the results of the system, in the eyes of too many of those who have been in authority.

The problem of prison labor is dealt with in a shrewd and interesting manner, and this examination of it should be read by those who assume that prisons can be made to pay. Ample justification is produced for the statement that

"almost every popular notion about prison labor is inaccurate."

Nearly every chapter in the book contains material that could be expanded with profit, and that provokes reflection. Regarding the futility of flogging, Mr. Hopkins has no doubt. It is a pity that many Members of Parliament were not as well informed as he before they considered some recent legislation. It might have made no difference to their action, which was not dictated by reason nor inspired by knowledge, but they would have talked less nonsense.

The plain fact that stares one in the face through every page of this book is that the whole system is based on ignorance. A man may know his classics well enough to be able to talk with Plato or Cæsar; he may be an ornament to society, a kind-hearted and learned man, and yet be absolutely ignorant of the lives of the laboring classes. From them is drawn the great mass of prisoners. They do not write books, nor contribute to magazines that circulate among the governing classes; but poor people have never had any illusions with regard to prison. They do not believe in its reformatory influence. They have seen the wrecks it creates. Influential people who have been sent to jail, especially the women whose methods of advocating a political change has landed them there, have discovered the system; and they do not admire it. They would have it reformed—it is always being reformed, and always failing to reform into any improved condition those who come under its operation—and some of their proposals are curiously inept. For instance, they want ladies to replace gentlemen in some departments. It is probable that the daughters of well-to-do people could draw official salaries as well as the sons, and manage the system no worse; but there is no ground for the assumption that any problem would be solved thereby. Prison fails to make men into good citizens, because it is prison. It does re-form men. Mr. Hopkins's book should convince any reader of that fact. The prisoner who has spent long periods of his life inside one or other of our "reformatories" or penal establishments, is different from what he was in the beginning; but in his new form he is not a better citizen. He may be a worse one. His character is not merely the result of his treatment inside. There never was any sense in the idea that we could shut a man out from the life of the community, and thereby fit him to live unguided among others whose whole outlook, experiences, and habits have been different from his.

It is the merest quackery to prescribe for people whom you do not know, even though it is called justice. The time of our higher Courts is occupied in the careful investigation of charges made against men and women; but once the

prisoner's guilt has been proved, there is no pretence of any proper investigation as to his character, no attempt to ascertain what should be done with him in the public interest. Knowledge is assumed where ignorance exists, and public utility is sacrificed to the system. As a result of his guilt, it has been settled that the culprit's liberty must be curtailed, and it is assumed that our interference with him must take a form that has nothing in experience to commend it. Some of the results are shown in this timely and interesting book.

Mr. Hopkins writes with humor and good humor. He is never dull. He sets forth his own opinions frankly, and states them clearly, and he indicates lines of investigation where he does not undertake them. He has presented in a very attractive form an immense amount of information. His book is an excellent one, and contains a storehouse of material for those who are interested in the treatment of the offender. It is free from the slang that so often mars the technical treatise, and is written in a popular style that may blind some to its real merit; but it would be difficult to find in the same space so much information and sound sense on the subject.

JAS. DEVON.

### DANTE THE MYSTIC.

"Dante and the Mystics." By EDMUND G. GARDNER.  
(Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is some fourteen years or more since Mr. Gardner's "Dante's Ten Heavens" announced the advent of a scholar who could comply with Lucian's high demand of so writing as to be "understood by the multitude and respected by the experts." Since then his industry has led him over many fields of investigation, but it has always been apparent that his first love still held him, and from time to time he has given us direct proof of his deepened and extended Dante studies. The best is yet to come. His long-promised edition of the "Rime" is still delayed, and the comprehensive treatment of Dante's life, personality, and work, which the public has a right to demand from him, has not yet even been promised, though bond has indeed been given that he—"else sinning greatly"—shall keep the promise he has never made.

Meanwhile we must accept, with due measure of gratitude, such side-products of the study and the lecture hall as he consents to give us; and this book on "Dante and the Mystics" is one of them. It is full of learning, at once broad and accurate. By-ways are explored, and precious spoil brought home from them; but the highways are not neglected. Ubertino da Casale is shown to be a person of great importance, and Mechtild of Hackeborn one of extreme interest to the Dante student; but at the same time Augustine, Bernard, and Thomas Aquinas, so far from being "taken as read," are restudied, and forced to make new contributions to the elucidation of the central ideas of the "Comedy."

So far so good. But a critic never feels that he has done his duty unless he has told the author that, well as he has done, he would have done still better had he written another book, or written this book in another way; and we must confess that where Augustine, Bernard, Hugo and Richard of St. Victor, and some others are concerned, Mr. Gardner appears to us to be too anxious to establish detailed analogies between their works and the "Comedy," with an implication of a conscious influence felt by Dante, and often of direct and indirect obligations on his part. A more satisfactory and luminous, and a far less strained and fanciful, treatment might have been found if he had set himself more broadly to illustrate the all-pervading and ever-working presence, especially in the fifth and sixth, and again in the ninth, the eleventh, the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries, of the general conceptions and the lines of speculation and emotion which become organic and articulate in Dante. Coincidences far more striking, for instance, than the analogies labored by Lubin and rehearsed by Mr. Gardner, between the "seven stages" of Richard of St. Victor and the general progress of the "Comedy," might better be regarded as divergent expressions of an identical vital force than as lineally connected.

But such a criticism, whatever it is worth, has little relevancy to the part of Mr. Gardner's work which on other grounds also is of most value—the chapters, namely, on the Franciscan and, in a less degree, the Dominican sources and influences that can be traced in the "Comedy," and on the two German Mechtilds, each of whom has recently been set up as a claimant to the honor of being the historical prototype of Matelda, the genius of the Earthly Paradise.

Even when he is dealing with the best-known of writers, Mr. Gardner's quick eye detects new points of interest, and he gives (or we are mistaken) positive information even to the best-equipped; but here he is dealing with comparatively or absolutely rare and neglected books of high interest and importance, and he advances our knowledge at every step. His study of Ubertino's "Arbor Vitæ" is of particular value; and here, at least, a direct influence upon Dante is established beyond all cavil. Indeed, the whole study of Dante's Franciscan "sources" is a model of patience and good judgment. It throws light on point after point of detail, solves one small problem after another, and all the while gives us light on Dante's limitations, prejudices, and over-confident judgments, as well as on his magnificent audacity, insight, and constructive genius. As a contribution to the minuter study (never technical, in the narrower and more barren sense) of Dante's methods of work and use of his authorities, it is probably unrivalled.

As for the Mechtilds, the value and interest of Mr. Gardner's treatment of them are, fortunately, quite independent of the now popular, but more than hazardous, and in any case quite premature, identification of the younger of them with Dante's "Matelda." If and when the "Great Countess," Matilda of Tuscany, resumes her rightful sway, the German Mechtilds will retain, on their own merits, the interest which they first gained in connection with the rash claims put forward on their behalf; and the startling points of isolated similarity between features in Dante's great poem and details in the visions of the younger Mechtild will add the interest of curiosity to the deeper interest which her own personality and experiences arouse and sustain.

In dealing with Dante there is always an advantage in selecting some defined aspect under which to range the material; and Mr. Gardner was not unhappy in his choice of Dante's "Mysticism," as his collecting and elastically determining theme; and yet it is, perhaps, when he is least directly under its influence that his work is most interesting. Sometimes he uses the term very widely, or even laxly; but sometimes he adopts a dogmatically strict interpretation of mystic experience as an actual anticipation of the illumination which such teachers as Aquinas tell us will enlarge the powers of the blessed beyond the limits of human nature, enabling them to take immediate cognisance of immaterial beings, not in their effects alone, but in their essence, and to see into the ultimate truth of things with the angelic, and even divine, synthetic vision. He has every right to do so; but surely he yields too much to the literalism of a supposed objector when he condescends to meet, and even seriously to discuss, the question how Dante, if he really had the experience he claims, could still believe and teach the Ptolemaic astronomy. Swift's announcement of the Laputan discovery of two satellites of Mars, approximately of the orbits and so forth, now observed, is perhaps the most marvellous and baffling anticipation recorded in history. But a true mystic could not even argue with the man who should demand the evidence of some similar revelation before believing that Dante had indeed pressed close to that heaven that gathers most largely of the divine light—or who would accept it as of any value, were it produced.

Mr. Gardner, at any rate, knows better than most men what Dante bore:

"Dentro a se, per quello  
Che si reca il bordon di palma cinto."

### THE FLOWERS OF VERSE.

"The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse." Chosen by ARTHUR  
QUILLER-COUCH. (Clarendon Press. 6s. net.)

"Yale Book of American Verse." Edited by THOMAS R.  
LOUNSBURY. (Froude. 10s. net.)

It is natural, though it may be a little cruel, to place together two anthologies which have come to the birth almost



in the same hour. The American editor writes a preface which shows him to be endowed with taste and judgment, and he must sometimes have felt that the fates were not wholly on his side. It is true that he could, and does, give us but some 250 poems, while Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has printed three times as many. On the other hand, there was open to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, not only the whole field ranged by Mr. Lounsbury, but also a vast expanse dotted with brighter colors and fragrant with more exquisite sweets. It may be a national fault with us that scarcely more than half-a-dozen of Mr. Lounsbury's verse-makers are really known in this country; and yet, after turning over his pages, we are not sure that it is one which we feel bound to help in repairing. It is more certainly a fault with us that we do not best know the best of the American poems. It is to be regretted that in this Mr. Lounsbury does not give us all the aid that he might. Of the seven poems of Longfellow which appear in the Oxford volume, the Yale scholar has not chosen one; while among those which he does print are "Excelsior" and the "Psalm of Life," works which by this time might be allowed a merciful oblivion. Against this criticism Mr. Lounsbury defends himself beforehand; and, since he has acted on principle, many will think he has a claim to be acquitted. For himself, he thinks very small beer of the "Psalm of Life," and launches some shafts of humor at its substance, even if he spares its halting verse. Nevertheless, the people's voice has always chanted it, and has not so great an authority as Aristotle avowed that herein the people is the soundest judge? The same principle finds room for "Home, Sweet Home" and "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Such poems Mr. Lounsbury avers to have gathered associations which are "entirely independent of their literary quality." Their exclusion would be noticed, would even be resented, and so they must have a place. Exclusion we cannot perhaps expect until Mr. Lounsbury has trained his countrymen—and, indeed, our countrymen as well—to a better taste.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who presents his volume as a "propitiatory wreath" to his "future friends and pupils at Cambridge," has not lacked the courage of his opinions. He has turned a deaf ear to those who would have had him recapture fugitive and half-forgotten poems that have "passed down to Limbo." The classical instance is, of course, "To-morrow," the delightful lines of John Collins which Palgrave rescued from the now scarce pages of "Scripscrapologia." That strangely-named volume has not a few waggish and witty pieces which may still give pleasure; but among its serious poems none is in the same hemisphere with "To-morrow." We cannot forbear to remark, if the irrelevance may be forgiven, that it seems to have escaped notice that even this poem was moulded, and here and there somewhat closely, upon an anonymous piece in Dryden's "Miscellanies." For once Collins was an alchemist, and turned loam into gold. Rarely is a man a poet for an hour, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is doubtless right in holding that, when you have caught your runaway, you are mostly glad enough to let him go. For his own part, he will stand upon his ancient way: the best of everybody is good enough for him. And what a procession he marshals before our eyes! Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Morris, Meredith, Swinburne, Bridges, and twelve-score others who have done something worthy of remembrance. It is perhaps to be regretted that the chronological order necessarily brings Landor's "Rose Aylmer" on to the sixth page; for, after that peerless lyric, any poem on a like theme must fight hard for a fair judgment. Yet he would be a bold man who should say that there was anywhere in this volume an unworthy or ill-considered choice. Tastes will differ, and the present writer owns that he could have spared Neale's "Jerusalem," even though the text corrects the corruptions of the current version. It is sheer impudence in the compiler of a hymn-book to mutilate the text of his author, yet a grain of sympathy must be given to one who would not ask us to sing—

"I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there!"

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in the main eschews translations and paraphrases. In this instance, and one or two others, he does not inform his readers that the lines have an origin in another tongue. If he had made a rule of

excluding actual translations, his choice of William Johnson's "Heraclitus" would hardly have broken it. The poem has a beauty of its own, and has rightly fascinated thousands of readers; but its beauty is almost wholly other than the simplicity and direct exactness of the elegy of Callimachus.

The compiler includes in the volume his own exquisite lines on "Alma Mater." We frankly own that we should have quarrelled with him if he had left them out. The omission would have been grave in any case, and in a volume coming from Oxford it would have been beyond forgiveness. Not less fitly, the longest poems in the volume are "The Scholar-Gipsy" and "Thyrsis." Indeed, as one lingers over these pages, the question comes whether Arnold and Clough do not, better than any other singers, present the poetic spirit of the Victorian age. It may be owned that the spirit of song in them was not of the strongest. They may not have lisped in numbers. Arnold, certainly, was not compelled, as were Tennyson and Browning, to chant even in the days when the grasshopper becomes a burden, when, with most men, all the daughters of music are brought low. Once only in his later years did the voice of song come back to him, when the death of Stanley brought so nearly home to him the contrast between what might be and what was:—

"In some chance battle on Cithæron side  
The nurseling of the Mighty Mother died,  
And went where all his fathers went before."

So much must be admitted, yet, if he alone is a poet who sings in his grey hairs, Wordsworth also must be ruled out. Arnold can no more be ruled out than Wordsworth, and, though there be no defending his definition of poetry as a criticism of life, the poet loses his relation to life unless he have the power to judge. Our own generation, which gathers the harvest of Victorian effort, and in its turn sows, as we hope, the seed for another summer, may well judge that poetry must have its roots in thought as well as in emotion. It may deem possible a decision of posterity that Tennyson was the Cowley and Arnold the Milton of his age. And what, it will be asked, of Browning? The answer is inevitable that, like Milton and Arnold, Browning could both think and sing.

It may be supposed that there are very few readers to whom some of the poems in these volumes will not be new. The present writer has learnt with surprise that Lord Beaconsfield composed a sonnet upon Wellington, and he reads as new some poems of those whose laurels are still in the winning. In some cases the laurels may well be won.

There is one word more to say. The English volume contains twice the matter of the American, it is more pleasing to the eye, and it costs little more than half the price. Yale would have demanded a guinea for it. The dearthness of American books is an obstacle to their circulation in this country.

#### A CRITIC OF MODERN WOMEN.

"*Madeleine au Miroir: Journal d'une Femme.*" Par MARCELLE TINAYRE. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

MARCELLE TINAYRE will always find readers from among those who are drawn to those specially French signs of culture—lucidity and grace of expression, and a refined and sceptical dealing with the world. To these she appeals through her style and through her material. Is it not good to take common-sense as one's guide? Is it not well to clear life of its vulgar errors, and the dangerous illusions of the past, and yet to enjoy it and make the most of it? Is it not wise to love and not to love too much, to make provision for the autumn of our days, even in the prodigality of their spring and summer? All these pleasant heathenish things her writings suggest; but they embody something more agreeable still—the personality of an accomplished Frenchwoman. This personality Madame Tinayre now poses for us before the looking-glass in the shape of a youngish widow of thirty-five. What an age! Madeleine, we are given to understand, is not a "rogue," has never been even what Meredith called a "rogue in porcelain." Is she, then a Philistine? No; not quite. Madeleine's mirror is not, indeed, a mirror of the soul. It rather resembles the pocket looking-glass with which French ladies in restaurants

administer in public the finishing touch to a seemingly perfect complexion. It is a mirror of taste, of temperament, the reflection of a feminine critic of the times, of her sex, and of its newer intellectual fashions and movements.

To these Madeleine finds herself a little unsympathetic. She remarks of the suicide of a young girl of peasant stock, given to study and musing, that she is typical of thousands of modern women, who, failing to marry, and despising the rude home-life of their class, become the victims of overstimulated sensibilities. She dislikes the pinched, sham-masculine lines of modern feminine dress, so injurious to the special harmony of a woman's body, finding in them the outward sign of an aversion from maternity, from the life which distinguishes and satisfies womanhood. So she sighs for a new Rousseau to preach again the beauty of nursing mothers and ample corsages. Madeleine is equally distrustful of the suffragists. Miss Pankhurst she thought pretty but irrational. "*Votre petit nez drôle me plut*," she writes. But she had small patience with a movement which was at once "*une affaire et une religion*." "*Le geste des suffragettes*," she says, "*n'est pas beau parce qu'il n'est pas féminin*." And, on the other hand, she finds the conventional middle-class wife, happily "ranged" and blessed with children, sadly wanting on the side of intellect and refinement of interests. Such women live the lives of animals rather than of human beings. "*Elles sont engourdies dans une espèce de demi-sommeil intellectuel, incapables de réfléchir et de concevoir tout ce qui n'est pas concret, visible, sensible, tout ce qui ne les touche directement*." Something is plainly wanting to the life of the scandal-mongering, bargain-hunting, and bargain-driving female, whom Madame Tinayre describes with delicate malice. What is to fill these void places, she does not say. Her full admiration she reserves, as a Frenchwoman might be expected to reserve it, for the tough and ancient peasant stock, with "lean arms, fingers crippled with rheumatism, sexless bosom, a mechanism of bones and nerves, made for endurance, like the stone or the tree." Here, at least, is something to last, rooted in the past, and fixed in a sure and simple science of life.

These are conservative criticisms, and it is not easy to divine what spiritual quality in modern womanhood Madeleine or Madame Tinayre most desiderates. Doubtless she would like it to resume its delicate femininity—its indirect management of men through the approved arts of suggestion and charm—rather than to open a battle for "rights," which in itself implies a ridiculous imitation of men. "The lady," she complains, "has gone out of date." "Nowadays there are only 'little women'"—we have arrived at the age of the "short petticoat, the tight jacket, the stiff hat, the bold look, the mannish air"—the effort to force on man a kind of false comradeship, on which he merely retorts by omitting the old civilities of the street and the drawing-room. This is, in effect, to ask women to aim at a recovery of good taste. And that is the characteristic conclusion of a charming French writer, an intellectual who realises the full value of such freedom as an emancipated Frenchwoman of refinement can easily achieve for herself. But it is hardly the *geste* of the rebel who wrote "*La Maison du Pêcheur*."

#### A PAMPHLET NOVEL.

"Where Are You Going To —?" By ELIZABETH ROBINS. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MISS ROBINS'S powerful, sensational story is one that raises a host of debatable questions, affecting both the social conscience and the art and function of the novel. In a community so meagrely endowed with æsthetic taste as our own, the sensational novel "with a purpose" seems one of the few weapons that can pierce the cloak of silence, under cover of which "respectable society" taboos the discussion of the worst evils that afflict it.

The charge that a critic may level with fairness against Miss Robins is not merely that her book is a brilliant tract, but that it does not deal with a typical case. So exceptional and isolated must be the fate of the seventeen-year-old Bettina, the daughter of a distinguished officer, a V.C., whose frail, disconsolate widow brings up her two daughters, Bettina and her elder sister, in a hushed atmosphere of morbid fears and virgin ignorance, that one feels the writer's

journalistic instinct for securing public attention has overborne her artistic conscience. Only by a succession of fortuitous circumstances and the patent manipulation of probability can we be led to accept the sensational climax and close of the novel, where we see the two aristocratic girls entrapped by a London procuress in "one of the most infamous houses in Europe," the elder sister's escape, and Bettina a victim to the Minotaur. Cleverly contrived as are the lights and shades of the social picture, and magnetic as is its atmosphere of gathering intensity, nothing can disguise its deficiency as a work of art. The first two-thirds of the novel are far superior to the last third, for in this section Miss Robins has elaborated, with nervous skill, a picture of the parasitic dependence of undowered upper-class girlhood on the marriage market, a dependence which exalts virginal ignorance at the expense of social usefulness and self-reliance. Bettina and her thoughtful elder sister, who tells the story, are brought up by their mother at Dunscombe, a small house on the estate of their friendly neighbor and landlord, Lord Helmstone, whose worldly wife and daughter, Hermione, introduce the girls to their own social circle. The mother, sad and shrinking from life, is in straitened circumstances, and Bettina, a petted, beautiful girl, sees too much of the calculating Hermione and her worldly flirtations. The elder sister is secretly in love with the young biologist, Eric Annan, who frequently calls at Dunscombe to keep an eye on her mother's failing health, and the atmosphere of absorbed girlish passion in which her account of all the doings of the household is bathed, is extremely lifelike in its fevered sentimentality. Miss Robins's cleverest pages, however, are all *chargés*—we feel all the time that the touches here and the touches there are shaping to a definite purpose, which we resent but cannot guess. Not till the little French dressmaker from Leicester Square, Madame Aurore (who is brought to Dunscombe to make frocks for the girls' unexpected visit to London), arrives on the scene, do we suspect the horrible sequel of "Where are you going to —?" Then, over-emphasis is seen to be inseparable from the clever springs of the artistic mechanism. The ailing mother, the straitened family circumstances, the ignorant girls, the letter of invitation from the alienated Aunt Josephine, whose cheque of £40 brings the French dressmaker, a spy of the London procuress, on the *tapis*—all these are but ingeniously forged links in the chain-gearing of Miss Robins's modern car of Juggernaut. In her deliberate purpose of making her burning tract on "The White Slave Traffic" one to which the leisured man and woman cannot turn a deaf ear, she has selected as victims of the procuress and the upper-class brothel, girls of the very caste which pays no impost to the Minotaur. For the sake of her appeal to our sense of horror as lovers, brothers, fathers of lovely, innocent Bettinas, she has sacrificed her opportunity of directing our sympathies to the innumerable victims of society's economic greed and indifference; for the sufferings of even hundreds of entrapped victims are as nothing compared with the violation of womanhood involved in the habitual routine of enforced prostitution in our great cities. We welcome Miss Robins's novel, therefore, because the attention that it will excite may lead women better qualified, though scarcely more talented than she, to tell the middle-class reader the brutal facts of prostitution engendered by poverty. For two generations or more, there has existed a tacit but none the less successful British boycott on novels that attempt to draw true pictures of sexual relations, and it is time that the social conscience should be brought to recognise the chain of economic cause and effect underlying the social evil.

To return to "Where Are You Going To —?" we have no wish to deny the emotional force of the closing scenes, where Bettina and her sister, on their arrival in London, are met by the hawk-like procuress who impersonates their aunt, and carries them off, unsuspecting, to a luxurious house of infamy in St. John's Wood. Melodrama has its good uses, and the scene in which the elder sister, befriended by a male visitor who is shamed by her helpless state into telling her where she is and helping her to escape, is so thrilling that few readers will pause to reflect on its theatrical atmosphere. It is not our intention to analyse the fundamental weaknesses of the story, beyond saying that

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Madame Aurore is a figure obviously fabricated; that no procuress who knew her business would dream of entrapping English upper-class girls into her establishment, since the risks of detection and a criminal prosecution are far too great; that Bettina and her sister, once inside the brothel, behave with almost impossible innocence and docility; and, lastly, that no man who had conscience enough to have helped the sister to escape would have left Bettina to her fate. We must, however, render our tribute to the artistic dexterity of the successive five short chapters, where we see Bettina's panic-stricken sister vainly endeavoring to guide the puzzled police authorities at night back to the sinister house, whose address she has never known. Miss Robins possesses the secret of a moving intensity which any artist might envy. The emotional sincerity of "Where Are You Going To —?" is undeniable. But as art it is brilliant sensationalism.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Papua, or British New Guinea." By J. H. P. MURRAY. (Unwin. 15s. net.)

MR. MURRAY is the Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Judicial Officer of Papua, and in this book he deals with the history, administration, native population, and resources of what is at present one of the most unsettled of British possessions. Nearly half of the country is still totally unexplored, and though Sir William MacGregor has crossed the island from sea to sea, and by his many expeditions added greatly to what is known of the interior, a great deal of work remains to be done before New Guinea becomes British in anything more than name. Cannibalism is prevalent, and massacres and inter-tribal wars go on outside the limits of the white man's influence. Even in the comparatively civilised parts, Mr. Murray tells us, there are still murders in plenty, though these are becoming less frequent, and, in his opinion, the natives are on the whole a law-abiding people, and the Government has been very successful in winning their confidence. There is a native regulation making it a crime to spread lying reports, and Mr. Murray has an amusing story of a native who lodged a complaint with one of the village constables because he had been told in church that unless the people attended more regularly they would all be burnt in a big fire. The European community in Papua is not favorable to the work of the missions, but Mr. Murray takes an opposite view, pointing to some useful work performed by the missionaries, and arguing on general grounds that missions are absolutely necessary to the development of backward races. The book contains a mass of information about the country, and Mr. Murray's statistics show that Papua has made notable progress since it came under the control of the Commonwealth of Australia.

"The War Drama of the Eagles." By EDWARD FRASER. (Murray. 12s. net.)

ONE of Napoleon's first acts after he became Emperor was to set about selecting armorial bearings which would replace the Phrygian cap and Roman axe and fasces of the Republic. A session of the Imperial Council was devoted to the task, the Gallic cock being suggested by some members, only to be contemptuously dismissed by Napoleon, and the symbol of the lion was provisionally adopted. But this did not meet with Napoleon's approval either, and striking his pen through the report of the Committee, he wrote over the erasure, "Un Aigle éployé," the symbol that was to become famous on the battle-fields of Europe. The design was entrusted to Jean Baptiste Isabey, and the new standards presented to the troops at a grand review in the Champ de Mars, of which Mr. Fraser's book contains an impressive account. Thenceforward, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Wagram, in Spain and in Russia, the Eagles carried Napoleon's fame, and there is good evidence for the fact that even at Waterloo not a single Eagle was captured. At the end of the Hundred Days many of the Eagles were publicly broken up by the colonels at a last parade, others were entrusted to the custody of officers, and, as everybody knows, there are a few preserved at the Invalides, including three that figured at Waterloo. Upwards of a hundred and thirty, taken on the field,

decorate cathedrals, chapels, and arsenals in the different European capitals; but, oddly enough, there is only one French Naval Eagle in existence, that of the "Atlas," which is now preserved at Madrid. Mr. Fraser is the first historian of Napoleon's Eagles, and his book makes a picturesque and stirring addition to the huge mass of Napoleonic literature.

"The Land that is Desolate: An Account of a Tour in Palestine." By Sir FREDERICK TREVES. (Smith, Elder. 9s. net.)

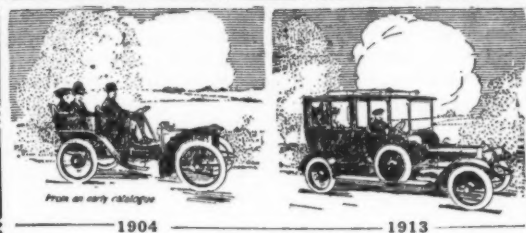
SIR FREDERICK TREVES has already proved that he can handle a pen with nearly as much skill as a scalpel, and in the present volume he shows the same qualities of observation and description that have won success for his former books of travel. Landing at Jaffa, with its many Biblical associations, and its memories of Napoleon, the author made the journey to Jerusalem by rail. The distance is only fifty-four miles, through the Plain of Sharon, "as level as a billiard table, almost as smooth, and as uniformly green," but, as Jerusalem is 2,500 feet above the sea-level, the journey occupies nearly four hours. Sir Frederick gives a vivid picture of the throngs of pilgrims and beggars that crowd Jerusalem, and of the sacred places which they visit. These latter, indeed, have but small claim to authenticity. Jerusalem as it existed in the time of Christ, was destroyed by Titus, and its ruins lie several feet below the level of the modern streets, or rather, lanes, for "there are no open roadways within the walls along which even the humblest carriage could make its way." The Via Dolorosa was not in existence even in the Middle Ages, and there is small reason to suppose that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is on the site of the Crucifixion. This is disillusioning for the reader who likes to think it possible that he may one day visit these hallowed places, and Sir Frederick Treves rather insists on emphasising the disillusioning process. But he gives many brilliant cameos of Eastern scenes, and his book is one likely to be enjoyed by armchair travellers.

"Adventures of War with Cross and Crescent." By PHILIP GIBBS and BERNARD GRANT. (Methuen. 2s. net.)

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Russian 5 p.c., 1896 ... ..	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	104
Turkish Unified ... ..	87	87 $\frac{1}{2}$

ON Wednesday and Thursday the stock markets were much cheered by the hopeful turn of the Peace negotiations and by the visit of the Bulgarian Finance Minister to London in search of a loan. "No peace, no loan" has been the motto of London bankers and financiers in the last few weeks, and this attitude has contributed marvellously to check military ardour. There is, however, great fear that the loans may be used not merely to pay for the war (redeeming the paper requisitions), but also for enlarging armies and acquiring new machinery of destruction from France and Germany. But Friday morning's news of the Fall of the Turkish Ministry came as a great disappointment. The reports from Japan are better. Prince Katsura seems to have got round the military and naval men somehow, and it is announced that there will be some further loan redemptions. Canadian municipal loans are still coming along and there are great signs of activity in the prospectus business. Money is pretty tight, thanks to revenue collections and the trade boom. Wall Street is rather jumpy just now, what with the Tariff Hearings, and the Pujo Committee, and Dr. Woodrow Wilson's speeches. The Marconi Company's letter has produced quite a sensation. But some describe it as a merely clever piece of bluff.

#### NEW COLONIAL FOUR PER CENTS.

The Trustee has been well supplied with new investments lately in the shape of 4 per cent. loans from the Australian Colonies, but not all have met with ardent support. The ordinary investor is not content with 4 per cent., and the Trustee investor seems to have become a negligible quantity in the last year or two. The explanation

is probably to be found in the wider scope that is now allowed to trustees, few settlements restricting the trustee to the statutory list. Even the 5 per cent. which has recently been offered by two Canadian municipalities seems to have been regarded with some suspicion, as well it might be, when both had been borrowers at much lower rates a very short time before. Several of the issues to which I have referred can be picked up below issue prices, and would undoubtedly be cheap were there any prospect of a permanent improvement in the gilt-edged market. However, the investor who likes 4 per cent. and sound sleep might do worse than consider them, for all of them are safeguarded against permanent depreciation by the provision of definite dates of repayment at par. The Trustee issues, too, are free of transfer stamp duty, so the Queensland and Tasmanian issue return a full 4 per cent., after allowing for the expenses of purchase. The following is the list, stocks eligible for trustees being indicated by an asterisk :—

	Interest.	Repay-	Issued	Present	Yield.
	Per cent.	able.	at.	Price.	£ s. d.
*New South Wales debts.	4	1922	99	99-101	4 0 0
* Ditto stock	4	1942-62	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$ dia.	4 0 6
*West Australia ...	4	1942-62	99	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 0 6
*Queensland ...	4	1940-50	99	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 1 3
*Tasmania ...	4	1940-50	99	99 $\frac{1}{2}$ dia.	4 1 6
Prov. of Alberta debts.	4	1922	97	101 $\frac{1}{2}$ dia.	4 3 6
Sydney (N.S.W.) debts.	4	1922	97	100	4 0 0
Moose Jaw, debts.	5	1951-2	98	1 prem.	5 2 0
Saskatoon, stock	5	1941-61	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ prem.	4 18 0
City of Quebec debts.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	1963	100	1 prem.	4 10 0
Prov. of Quebec stock	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	1954	102	par	4 8 3

The superior credit of Saskatoon must be a sore point with Moose Jaw, and also to the sponsors of that issue. Much depends on the immediate success of an issue. The Sydney loan was the first of the "cheap" loans, and was well taken up, now commanding a price fractionally better than some of the Australian Government issues. The City of Quebec and the Province of Quebec have both issued 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. loans of identical amount—£400,600—the one at par and the other at 102. The Province has an annual subsidy from the Dominion, but there is little real difference in point of security, and both are good stocks.

#### THE FIRST HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

The period of dividend announcements has not this year been preceded by excitement and speculation in the Home Railway Market. Professional speculators do not favor the market, for they have been badly caught on one or two occasions in the past two years. The railway strike of August, 1911, was totally unexpected and had a disastrous effect on the "bull" account which had been built up in anticipation of excellent results from active trade. Then came the coal strike, with its loss of trade and higher cost of fuel, so that operators have not set much store on the big traffic increase for the second half of 1912. The Great Eastern had its own special difficulties in the shape of the floods at Norwich, and a reduction of the dividend was expected, though the drop from 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. was as bad as had been anticipated. On the two 1912 dividends, the stock, which stood at 60, yields £4 6s. per cent.; but if the average of future yearly dividends be taken as 3 per cent., the stock returns just over 5 per cent. The South-Eastern dividend is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the Deferred, against 2 per cent. last year. The stock yielding £2 14s. 6d. per cent. on its price of 66—a price which will not be justified for some years at the present rate of progress. The Preferred stock, however, which gets 6 per cent. in any year before the Deferred receives anything, stands at 122, and as it carries 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  points dividend, it yields £5 2s. per cent. The Chatham distribution gives the full rate to the First Preference and 10s. per cent. to the Second Preference. The yield on the Firsts, therefore, is just 5 per cent., and on the Seconds less than 15s. per cent. per annum, another purely speculative yield. The Brighton dividend gives 4 per cent. to the Deferred, making the yield 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The price of the Preferred, however, is only 124, and it will receive a £4 dividend next month, so it returns just 5 per cent.—certainly the best secured 5 per cent. in the Home Railway Market. The Lancashire and Yorkshire pays the same rate as at this time last year—5 per cent. per annum, making 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the year, the yield on this being 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

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## MEXICO NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

(Incorporated under the Laws of Canada.)

A CIRCULAR, dated January 21st, 1913, has been issued by this Company to the holders of the Five per Cent. 50-Year First Mortgage Bonds and the holders of the Six per Cent. Cumulative Convertible Income Bonds, with reference to the notices which have been given, convening meetings, for the purpose of considering and authorising the creation of 15-Year Prior Lien Six per Cent. Bonds, limited to £2,500,000.

The Directors state that for the past two years a revolution has been going on in the country where the Company operates, and it has proved impossible to conduct the Company's business at a profit.

The large mills at Pearson have not been operated at all, as that district has been constantly in the hands of the rebels. The mills at Madera have been partially operated, but as the provisions and supplies of the Company have been frequently appropriated, it has been impossible to keep a sufficient number of employees to operate the mills fully.

The Company has not been able to maintain the railway service from Pearson to El Paso, as the rebels were opposed to this service and burned the wooden bridges to prevent the service whenever it was attempted.

Although under these conditions the Company could not operate its properties at a profit, it was considered the best policy to operate them as far as possible, rather than lose the organisation that had been built up.

The frequent destruction of its wooden bridges, the loss of its supplies, and the operation of its properties at a loss, had a very injurious effect on the Company's credit and made it impossible to sell additional First Mortgage Bonds at a reasonable price, so that for some time past the Company has had to borrow from its bankers.

In the month of May, 1912, the Company's officers in Mexico were of the opinion that the revolution was practically stamped out. At this time the Company needed £560,000 to complete its properties, but as its loans already stood at about £860,000, and the price of its First Mortgage Bonds was still too low to make it advisable to sell a further amount of them, the Company sold £750,000 of Income Bonds, and with the proceeds of same they went ahead with the Company's undertakings. The hopes of its officers, however, were disappointed, and the revolution has continued to exist up to the present time. Through the destruction of its property and the losses resulting therefrom, the Company has suffered approximately to the extent of £1,000,000 sterling, and is pressing its claim on the Mexican Government, as well as demanding protection of its property for the future.

In view of the altogether exceptional nature of the circumstances, the Directors have decided to ask its Bondholders for authority to create £2,500,000 15-Year Six per Cent. Prior Lien Bonds. Subject to these Bonds being created, the Company has contracted for the sale of a sufficient amount of the same to put it into a strong financial position, the remainder of the Bonds to be set aside under careful restrictions in the Trust Deed for the purpose of meeting the Company's requirements in the future, including interest on the Prior Lien and the First Mortgage Bonds.

Until peace is re-established no greater operation will be attempted, nor further expenses incurred than are necessary to maintain and protect the Company's properties.

The Directors feel that the conditions at present existing in Mexico will not be permitted to continue much longer, and they look forward with confidence to an early resumption of operations, and they wish to reiterate their confidence in the soundness of both the railroad and the lumber enterprises of the Company.

Mr. H. I. Miller, the Company's Vice-President, whose experiences in both lumber and railroad business have been great, estimates that with peace established and under normal conditions the Company should make a sum almost double the amount required to meet the interest on the Prior Lien and First Mortgage Bonds.

Holders of Bonds are requested to deposit them immediately, and obtain the necessary certificate to attend and vote at the meetings, and holders are invited to send their proxy to the National Trust Company, Limited, of Toronto (Canada), should they be unable to attend the meetings personally.

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**BIBI EYBAT PETROLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED.****Reconstruction Unanimously Agreed Upon.**

AN Extraordinary General Meeting of the Bibi Eybat Petroleum Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, January 16th, 1913, for the purpose of considering resolutions for the reconstruction of the Company.

Mr. HERBERT ALLEN, Chairman of the Company, presided.

The Chairman, in moving a series of resolutions, said the scheme of reconstruction had already been agreed to by the debenture holders, and from the shareholders the Board had received proxies representing over 270,000 shares in favour of the scheme out of the total issue of 380,000 shares, whilst not a single dissentient voice had been raised against it. The scheme was devised in the mutual interests of shareholders and debenture holders alike, every endeavour having been made to hold the scales evenly between the two classes. Since the launching of the scheme there had been a steady business doing in the shares of the Company, which showed that there were plenty of people ready to take the place of those shareholders who, from one cause or another, were unwilling or unable to follow the fortunes of the Company, and it was very significant that the buying for some time past had come from Russia. That was a very hopeful sign. The scheme had been formulated for the two-fold purpose of reducing capital liabilities and fixed charges, and providing further working capital. The capital of the present Company consisted of £380,000 in shares, and £125,000 of debentures. Then there was owing to the debenture holders about £15,000 for interest, so that the total capital and other liabilities amounted to about £520,000. The capital of the new Company would consist of £250,000 in shares and £65,000 of debentures—together £315,000. But against this there would be something like £125,000 of cash in hand, after discharging the expenses of the reconstruction, so that the net capitalisation of the new Company was only about £190,000. The capital of the new Company would be divided into 500,000 shares of 10s. each, 475,000 of which would be issued, credited as 5s. paid, to the members of the present Company, in the proportion of five new for four old shares, and would provide a sum of £118,750. Arrangements had been made for underwriting a minimum of 400,000 of the new shares. The scheme would produce a total of £138,750, and, after deducting expenses, there would remain a net sum of £125,000. Those were two of the outstanding features of the reconstruction proposals—the moderate capitalisation of the new Company, and the ample sufficiency of its prospective cash resources. Other features of the scheme were the small amount of debentures and fixed charges, and the absence of onerous conditions of redemption. The interest charges of the new Company for 1913 would be only £1,950, and after 1914—for interest and redemption together—the fixed charges would be only £7,000, which was within a few pounds of the present charge of £6,875 for interest alone. This modest sum of £7,000 would get rid of the debentures altogether within a maximum period of 14½ years. A fifth feature of the scheme was the large proportion of new capital which it would give for the more active prosecution of the Company's operations in the production of oil at Baku. The money available for well-renovation and boring should suffice to restore the output to something like what it was three or four years ago, and the effect of that should be to give the new Company a net profit eventually of £55,000, after providing for debenture interest and redemption and all current expenses. That was assuming a selling price of only 30 kopecks per pood for crude oil, and a royalty of as much as 40 per cent. of the production to the Government. The three plots at Bibi Eibat belonging to the Company had a combined area exceeding 12 dessiatines, or over 32 acres, and as at present only 36 wells had been bored, the properties were by no means exploited to their full capacity. There was ample room for many new wells; but, quite apart from that, many of the existing wells were capable of yielding a far better production. Recent returns from Baku showed a recovery in their total daily output to about 20,000 poods (335 tons) per day, which gave an average of 740 poods per day for their 27 producing wells. This was well in excess of the average for the whole Baku district. What might almost be regarded as a new lease of life to the Baku Companies—and particularly to those operating at Bibi Eibat, like themselves—was

promised from the new and prolific oil source recently encountered by several producers at a depth of 400 to 420 sagesens (2,800 to 2,940 feet), it being almost a common occurrence now to hear of fountains of 50,000 to 100,000 poods per day from this source. This Company had two wells on their way to this source. Apart from the great possibilities of these two wells, and relying only upon the moderate improvement to be expected from the renovation or restoration of old wells, they had every prospect of immediate and substantial profits for the new Company. At the present moment the surplus over expenses was in the region of £1,000 per week. Their calculations for 1913 had been based on a sale of 3,250,000 poods per annum, but the present sales were at the rate of 3,600,000 poods (60,000 tons) per annum. Apart from any production from the two deep wells, they ought to be able to increase their sales to over 4,000,000 per annum. Negotiations with the Government were in progress for a reduction in the present royalty of 40 per cent., and every reduction of one per cent. on the present gross output of 7 million poods was equal to nearly £2,000 sterling per annum. The present price of oil was nearly 37 kopecks per pood, and they had just been fortunate enough to effect contracts under which, for the next two years at least, the Company would receive a **minimum** price of 30 kopecks per pood, whilst there was no limit to the maximum which they might receive. Every kopeck above 30, on a sale of 4,000,000 poods per annum, meant to them about £4,000 sterling, and the fact that substantial people were prepared to enter into such contracts as the one which they had just concluded showed that the recent rise in the price of oil was generally regarded in Baku as being of a permanent character. The Scheme of Reconstruction was one which the Directors could confidently recommend to the Shareholders.

Mr. A. H. WRIGHT, in seconding the Resolutions, said that the result of his recent visit to Baku was to impress him very favourably with the future prospects of the undertaking. They were particularly fortunate in their manager, Mr. Mancho, who was admittedly one of the most capable petroleum engineers in the Baku district.

The Resolutions were carried unanimously.

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## LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31st December, 1912.

LIABILITIES.			ASSETS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Capital Paid up, viz.: £12 10s. per Share on 319,139 Shares of £60 each	3,989,237	10 0	By Cash and Bullion in hand and Cash at Bank of		
„ Reserve Fund	3,390,313	15 0	„ England	13,877,239	15 9
„ Dividend payable on 1st February, 1913	359,031	7 6	„ Money at Call and at Short Notice	10,412,536	16 10
„ Balance of Profit and Loss Account	132,992	18 8		24,289,778	14 7
	7,871,575	11 2	„ INVESTMENTS:		
„ Current, Deposit, and other Accounts	83,664,326	19 3	„ Consols and other British Government Securities	3,405,300	5 8
„ Acceptances on account of Customers	6,741,031	14 5	„ Stocks Guaranteed by British Government, Indian and British Railway Debenture, and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks, Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks, etc.	4,883,911	0 3
			„ Bills of Exchange	10,460,535	16 5
	£98,276,934	4 10		43,039,523	16 11
			„ Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security, and other Accounts	46,441,982	6 5
			„ Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra	6,741,031	14 5
			„ Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	2,054,596	7 1
				£98,276,934	4 10

CURRENT ACCOUNTS OPENED.  
DEPOSITS RECEIVED AT INTEREST.  
BILLS DISCOUNTED.  
LOANS MADE AGAINST SECURITIES.  
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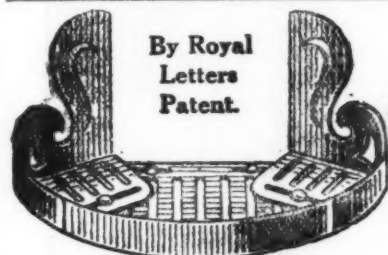
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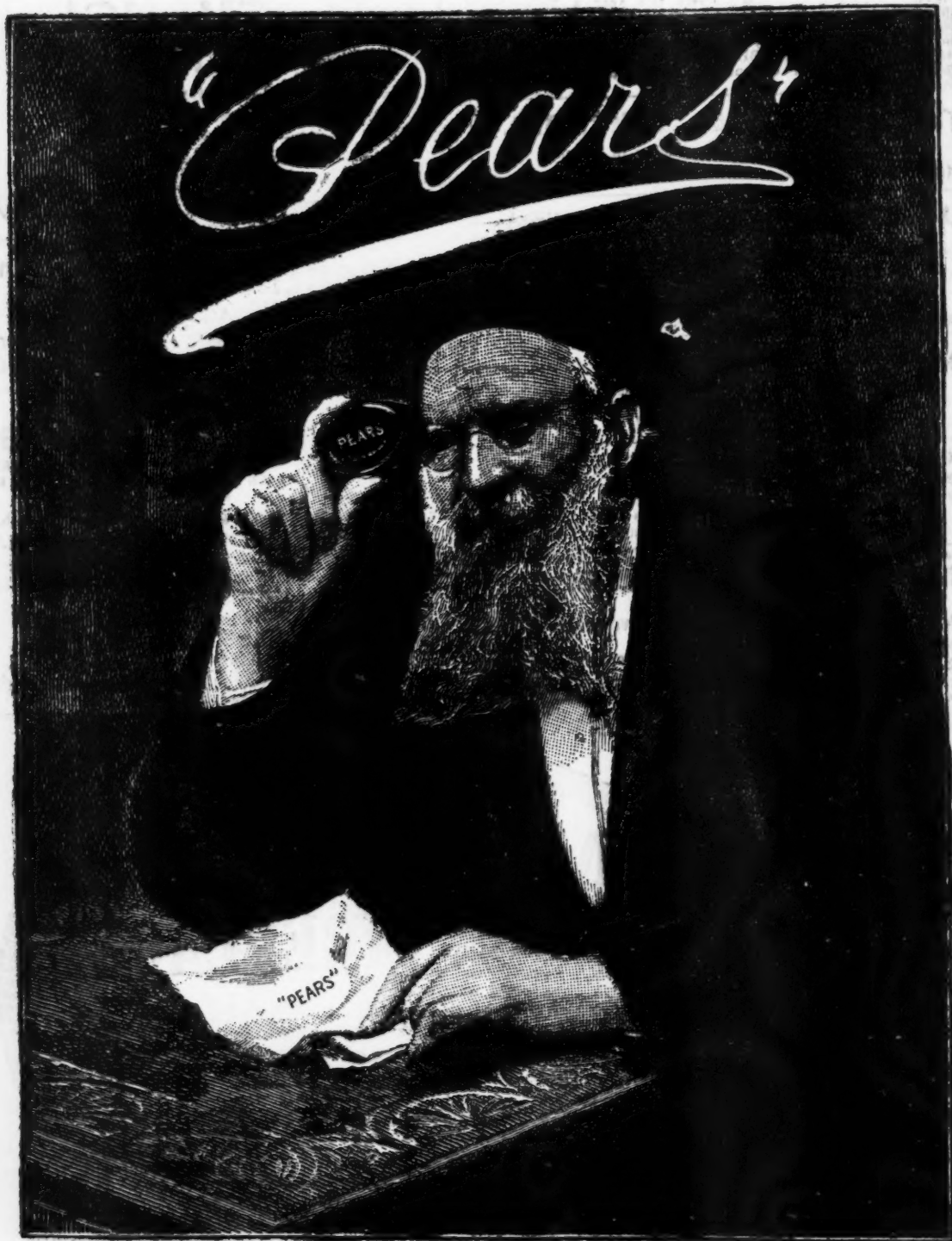
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